

The TATLER

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1637.

London
Nov. 9, 1932

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ESTABD 1795

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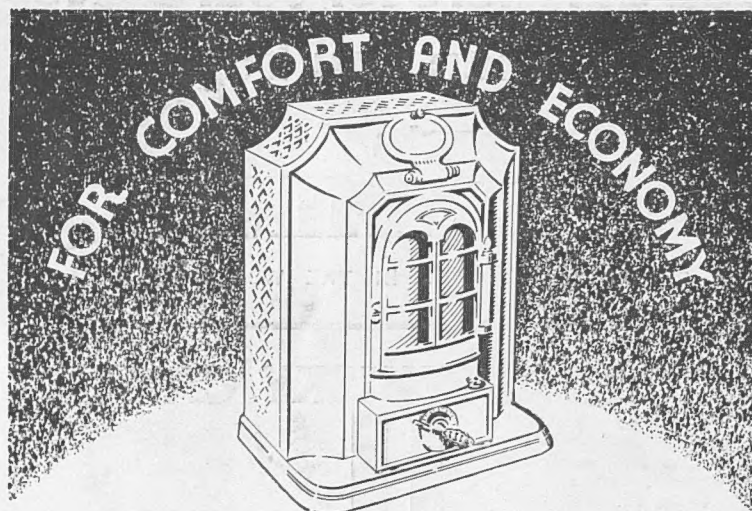
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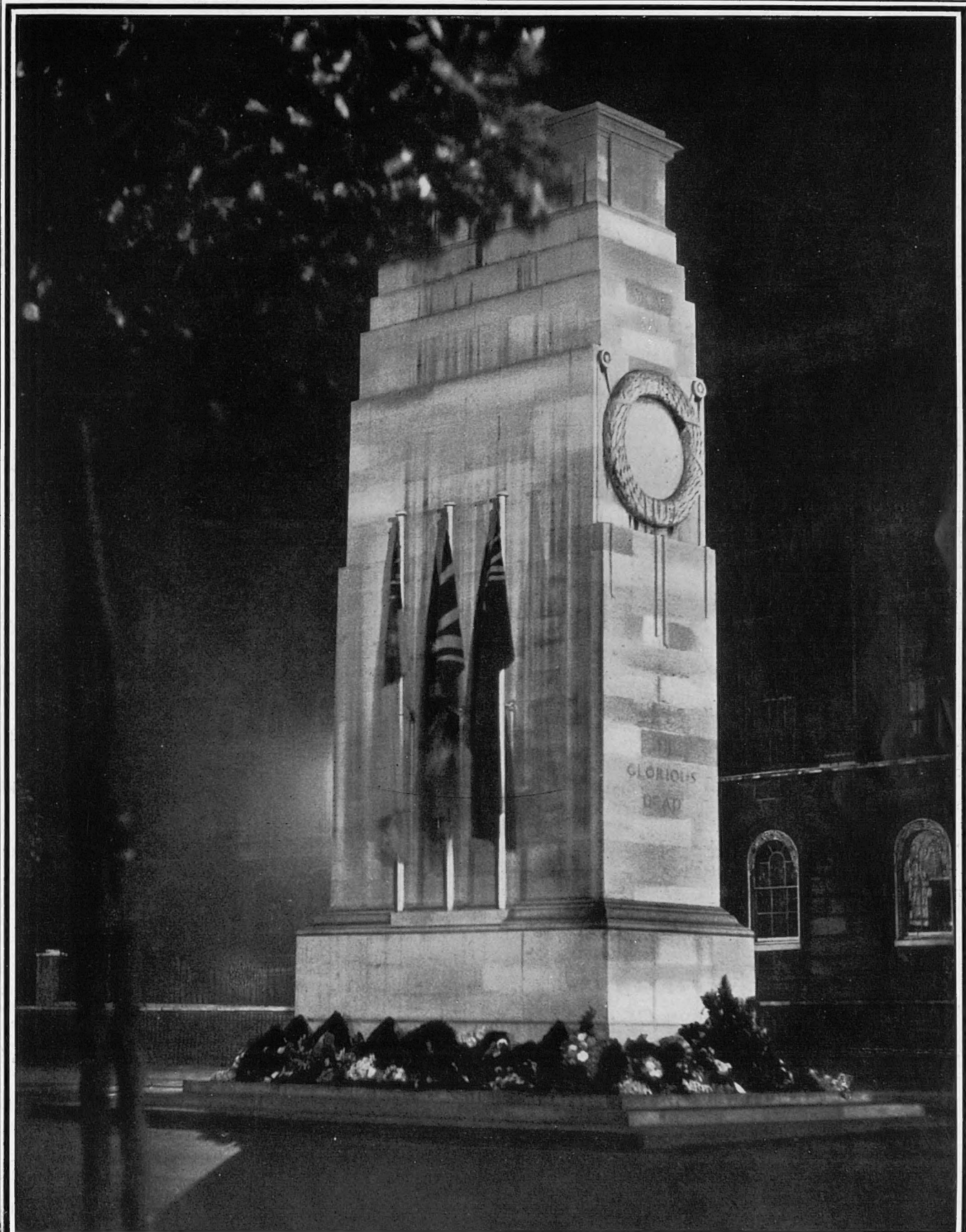
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E. O. Hoppé, Cromwell Place, S.W.

NOVEMBER 11

"By all those hearts which proudly bled
To make this rose of England red;
The living, the triumphant dead . . ."

—LAURENCE BINYON



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. PRETYMAN

At Croxton Park, the opening meet of the Duke of Rutland's Hounds on the Leicestershire side of their country. Mr. George Pretyman succeeded to the vast Suffolk estate of Orwell Park on the death of his father, the noted politician. His wife was formerly the Hon. Camilla Gurdon

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—Now that hunting and the hunting people are coming into their own again, one wonders what prospects and what changes there are to report. Lady Kathleen Rollo, who generally hunts from Melton, will be an absentee there this season, and, of course, very much missed, for Mrs. Marshall Field has lent her very charming house at Market Harborough, in return for which she is going to exercise that lady's horses while she is away in America. This seems a fair exchange since Lady Kathleen is, undoubtedly, one of the finest horsewomen in the country. Riding is evidently an hereditary gift in the family, for her two half-sisters, Mrs. Edward Greenall and Mrs. Baillie, have distinguished themselves so often and so conspicuously in the hunting field that their exploits have become almost legendary.

* * *

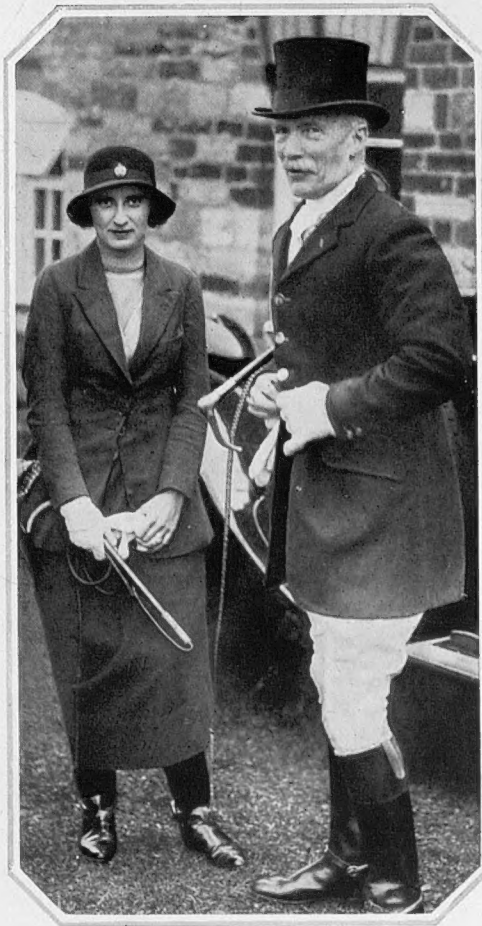
The Henry Broughtons will be joining the Melton contingent as they have taken Brooksby, the Beattys' old home, near Leicester. Brooksby was always an attractive place with very fine stabling and a lovely garden, but the late Lady Beatty, who had a real flair for

THE LETTERS OF EVE

arranging houses, improved it enormously and filled it with beautiful furniture and works of art. For many years before the war it was their only home, though they took Invercauld, the Farquharson's fine place near Balmoral, for about eight seasons, and were very popular up there. Lord Beatty and his two sons have just come back from America and will probably hunt from Dingley, their place near Market Harborough.

* * *

Mr. Victor Emmanuel, according to some of his friends, seems to have made somewhat original plans for his hunting this season. They tell me that he has taken rooms at the Savoy and intends to hunt from there, so that he will have to be content with the motor horn as a substitute for John Peel's horn to bring him from his bed in the morning. Of course, all Warwickshire is desolated at the news that he and his wife are not taking Rockingham Castle again this season, for the parties they



GENERAL VAUGHAN AND MRS. BATTINE

Were also hunting with the Belvoir from Croxton Park. Everyone in Leicestershire knows General John Vaughan, but Mrs. Oswald Battine is a newcomer to the Shires. She evidently flouts the convention that an opening meet merits a hard hat and the neatest possible stock

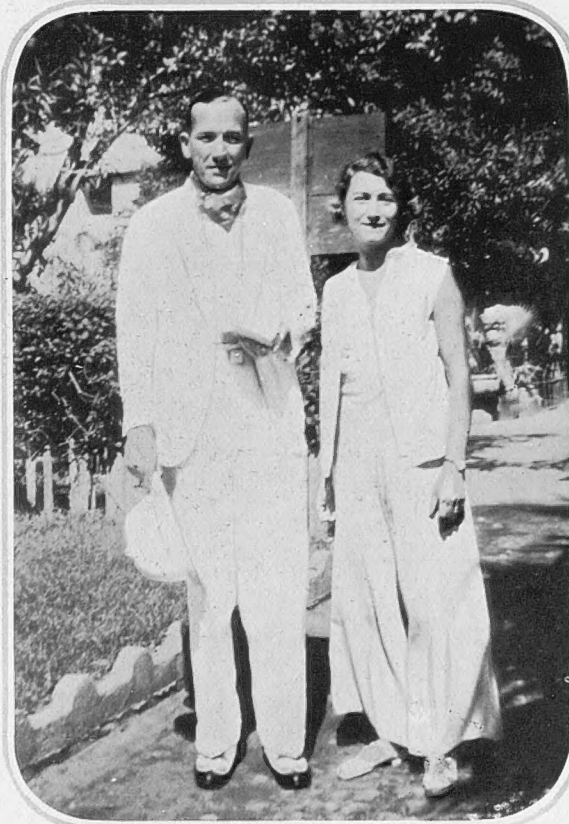
gave there were the best the county has ever known, even looking as far back as the days of King John to whom the place belonged. Mr. Emmanuel's sister used to point out a large oak chest in the castle as the probable receptacle for that much-embarrassed monarch's bills.

* * *

I suggested last week that the general quietness might lead to some reaction, and I think that we can look forward to some practical joking this autumn. Two telephone messages and one telegram arrived last week involving me in parties which I had neither invited nor been invited to; so do not worry if half-a-dozen people arrive unexpectedly to dine, or if you hear by telephone that Lord Castlerosse is awaiting you at the Embassy in a black tie and requests you to wear a white one.

* * *

However, there was nothing bogus about Mrs. Redmond McGrath's party last week. It is a great idea to give a dance at this time of the year. Everyone not only accepts but turns up and on time. By a quarter to eleven the house was one solid mass of people. And the new house, which, almost as much as a pretty daughter, was the



MR. NOEL COWARD AT PORT SAID

A snapshot taken on the famous playwright's arrival from Greece, where he had the unpleasant experience of being concerned in the recent earthquake. He was precipitated, complete with car, into a ditch as the result of a sudden upheaval of the road along which he was travelling. Fortunately severe bruising was the limit of his injuries, and he was able to help the officers of H.M.S. "Resolution" in their magnificent rescue work

raison d'être of the party, is certainly not small. But in spite of the masses of large sofas and comfortable arm-chairs, even the bathrooms had to be used as sitting-out places. Mrs. McGrath proved a charming and a thoughtful hostess, and her guests entered so thoroughly into the party spirit that few of them left very long before dawn.

Of the dozens of pretty girls besides Miss Diana McGrath there were Miss Dorothy Hyson, who gets to look more like her mother, Dorothy Dickson, every day, and Mrs. Somerset Maugham's Lisa, always the centre of an admiring group of young men, who looks like a dryad from the woods—she is so small and slim and impish. Of the professional good-lookers, Lady Bridget Poulett, in a pink and brown-beaded dress, and Miss Jeanne Stourton in black, carried off the honours of the evening. Everyone was glad to see Lady Ashley up and about again. She sat in a big arm-chair surrounded by admirers, looking pale and interesting and most attractively fragile. She is obviously one of the lucky people to whom illness is becoming!

A few others among the many were Lady Bective, the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, Lady Patsy Moore, and Mr. Cecil Beaton and his sisters. Mr. Beaton has just given a great party down at his country seat in Wiltshire. A fancy dress party to which all the guests were asked to come as their opposite numbers, he himself appearing as a raucous sergeant-major. I like the idea of Miss Olga Lynn disguised as the tall and lean Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg. That, I think, was the pièce de résistance. But other effective make-ups were the Peter Thursbys as the young Douglas Fairbanks couple, Lady Weymouth as a trapeze artist, and Lord Stavordale as Mr. Bernard Shaw in a bathing suit.

The two fluffy, fair-haired Beaton sisters represented the sleek, dark-haired Morgan sisters, one of whom, Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt, has just taken one of the few remaining houses in New York and is doing a lot of entertaining in that once-gay city. Her elder sister, Mrs. Ben Thaw, is on the move again, as her husband has just been appointed Counsellor in Oslo. Diplomats should never risk taking permanent homes. The Thaws came here from Paris long before they could get rid of their flat there. And they have been only a month in the London flat which they resisted taking for two years.

Other Americans amongst us are arriving and departing. Miss Barbara Hutton is in London now

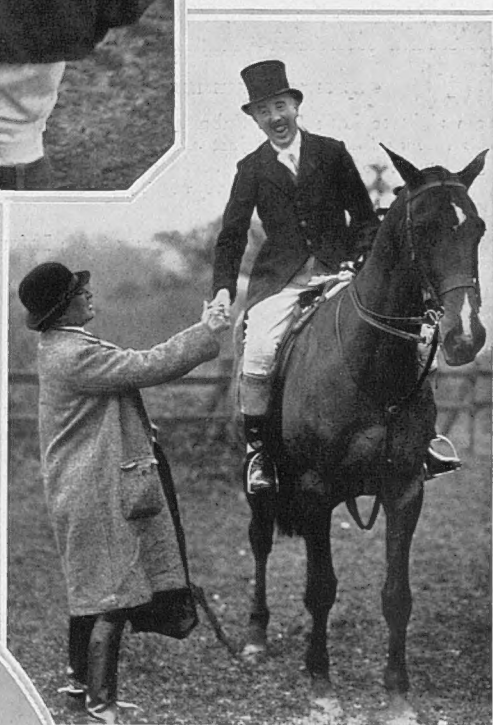
with her father, and it is rumoured that she may become engaged to a Georgian Prince in the near future. She inherits 40,000,000 dollars when she is twenty-one and will then have entire control of her fortune. Another American who is visiting us now is Mr. Bob Hunter, a cousin by marriage of Mr. Harold Acton. He is surprised at the amount of time we take up in discussing the weather, for it seems to him that we should all be accustomed to it by now.

Mrs. Corrigan, on the other hand, is leaving us. At any moment she and the Paul Münsters will be starting on their flight to Kenya, where they are going to stay with Baroness Bleckson. And Mrs. Payne Thompson, the charming sister of Alice Lady Lowther, has just left for Paris, where she intends to work hard all the winter at her



AT CROXTON PARK LAST WEDNESDAY

Major "Hop" Peacock with Miss Edith Player, Mrs. Horton, and friends. Major Peacock has been hunting for forty-six seasons, and likes it as much as ever. He and his wife, who is Mrs. Lawrence Kimball's mother, live at Scafford. The picture on the right was also taken when the Belvoir were at Croxtton Park. Lady Daresbury's friends are highly delighted that she is hunting again. For economic reasons she was not competing last season and she was greatly missed with the Melton packs. Colonel Jeffery Lockett is secretary to the Belvoir, and admirably fulfils a by no means easy task. His wife is General George Paynter's sister



LADY DARESBURY GREETING COLONEL JEFFERY LOCKETT



LADY DURHAM

A charming new portrait of Lord Durham's wife, who was Miss Hermione Bullough before her marriage. Lady Durham goes racing with immense enthusiasm, and was to be seen in the Jockey Club stand with her husband at the last Newmarket meeting of the year

painting. She is one of the very few amateurs whose work has been exhibited more than once in the Paris Salon. Her house over here is very modern but very charming, and she has just finished the new ballroom. Venetian scenes lighted by daylight lamps decorate the walls, and we look forward to dancing there when she comes back in the spring.

Mrs. Dudley Ward has just been over to Paris to deposit her younger daughter, Angela, in one of the finishing schools. One of her sisters, by the way, is an expert swimmer, and I hear that she is thinking quite seriously about attempting to swim the Channel. So far, practice for the event has mostly been done in the Nottingham swimming baths. And an hour or

(Continued overleaf)

c 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

so of practice is usually followed by a half-hour or so of cocktail party with her friends. I never realized that the Nottingham



GETTING MARRIED: A DOUBLE EVENT

From right to left: Miss Baba Beaton, her fiancé, Mr. Alec Hambro, Miss Nancy Beaton, and just a suggestion of Sir Hugh Smiley, whose engagement to the elder of Mr. Cecil Beaton's two pretty sisters was announced last week

baths were as up to date as the pool at the International Sportsmen's Club. And I don't know if this is a preliminary to holding a cocktail party in mid-Channel, but if so it will have to be postponed until the summer if it is to be really popular.

Mr. Noel Coward, who has just gone off to New York to act in a play of his own with Lynne Fontanne, has a lot to answer for on the subject of charity committees. But what a long-felt want he has supplied by that skit of his. Last week a committee member had the courage to rise up and protest against the tableaux, which were to feature the lovely lady chairman and her most beautiful friends, as being too costly unless the ladies cared to pay for their own dresses. "Anyhow," she remarked, "the advertisement will be just the same." The air became charged with electricity.

That incomparable lieder singer, Elisabeth Schumann, packed the Queen's Hall for her recital the other night when she started off with a group of Schubert songs, and followed with Schumann, Cyril Scott, Humperdinck, and Richard Strauss. And she looked enchanting all in white, with a white flower in her hair and a vast diamond brooch on her chest.

Scattered in the audience I noticed Lady Listowel and Lady Violet Astor, Miss Peggy Lubbock, who is soon to marry Mr. Rathbone, Miss Katharine Tennant, and the Smith brothers, James and David, with their sister.

Meanwhile, Prince George Chavchavadze has just returned to us in London after a very successful tour in Sweden and Denmark, where he played before the King and Queen. But he is off again at once to the eastern counties, and will be staying at Ketteringham with

the Boileaus for his recital in Norwich next Saturday night. He will probably play too in Yarmouth and in Cambridge.

Down in Bath one of our youngest composer pianists has been distinguishing himself. This is Roger Sacheverell Coke, aged nineteen or twenty, who only left Eton just over a year ago and gave two performances of his own concerto with the Pump Room orchestra. It was a great achievement and received with great enthusiasm, even though the orchestra was a little deficient in wind, and I hope that we shall hear it again in London before long.

In spite of the disturbances in Trafalgar Square and Whitehall, Tuesday night was a busy night in the theatre world. The stalls at the Phoenix Theatre were crowded with celebrities who had come to laugh at Frederick Lonsdale's new comedy, *Never Come Back*. If only house parties in real life were half as amusing as those on the stage, how much brighter our week-ends would be! I never quite believe in the peppery peers and wise-cracking débutantes that people Mr. Lonsdale's world, but they are certainly very good company.

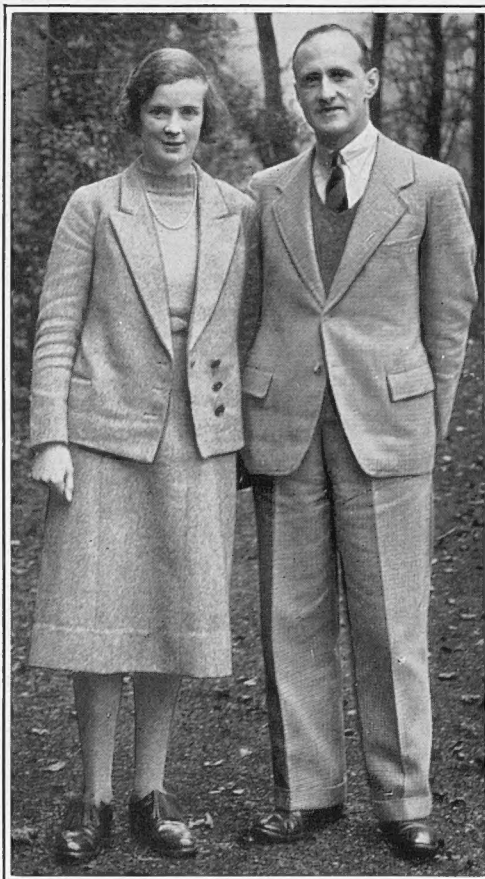
Amongst the audience on Tuesday night, I noticed Lady Cunard and Mrs. Cory, whose party included Lord and Lady Abingdon, Baron Kuhlmann, the brilliant German diplomat who has just arrived in London for a short visit, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, and Commander Locker-Lampson. Sir Anthony Weldon came with Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton and Lord and Lady Dumfries, and Sir Michael Duff brought Mrs. Roland Cubitt, whose new book, "Daughter of the Sun," is having quite a success. He himself is about to break out into print at any moment, his book of "Queer Reminiscences" being due to appear sometime before Christmas.

Another author I found in the audience was Peter Traill, whose new book, "Great Dust," appears on Friday. I have not yet read it, but it is a searching examination of the characters of six average people, and if it is as good as "Under the Cherry Tree" and "The Divine Spark" it will be well worth reading.

I also ran into Captain Freddie Drummond, who is doing so much to make a success of the exhibition and sale of Disabled Soldiers' work which opened yesterday at the Imperial Institute. He not only convinced me that it was the duty of each one of us to support it, but that we should be very glad we had done so when we had seen the really beautiful work that is turned out, from exquisite tapestries and carvings, lamps and pottery, down to the more utilitarian articles such as suit-cases and clothes.

I have often wondered just where elephants were parked in this country when they are off duty, so I am delighted to have discovered where Mr. Bertram Mills's Olympia troupe are marking time until the circus opens. They are at Ascot; and I very much wish the powers that be could be induced to get them back next June as a paddock side-show. I don't intend this as a suggestion that the Royal meeting is lacking in attraction; but such an innovation would at least distract attention from certain young people who go to Ascot with no other idea than to attract. And real racing enthusiasts might be glad if a few of the "once-a-years" could be given another reason for keeping out of the stands.

These circus elephants have been taught to play cricket, and they performed for a distinguished neighbour the other day. It has taken eight years to train them for this scientific game, and I am told that even now they are no better than our own test team in Australia. All the same, I very much look forward to seeing them at it.—Yours ever, EVE.



MISS JEAN DUNDAS AND HER FIANCÉ

Lieutenant J. P. L. Reid, R.N., whose engagement to Miss Jean Dundas, only daughter of the late Captain Sir Henry Dundas and of Lady Beatrix Dundas was recently announced, is the younger son of the late Sir James Reid. He is serving in H.M.S. "Hood"



THIS ENGLAND—TWO SCENES FROM “DEAR DORSET”

Charles E. Brown

Where that peace which was England's heritage in the days of our forefathers still enfolds the lovely countryside. In the lower picture is seen the quaint village of Corfe, which has as its crowning glory the romantic ruins of Corfe Castle. It was here, in the year 979, that King Edward the Martyr was assassinated; and in 1202, by the order of King John, twenty-two nobles were starved to death within its walls. Corfe Castle was dismantled during the Civil War

THE CINEMA :

Marlene and Child
By JAMES AGATE

MY first experience of sex was when at the age of seven I embraced a little girl of six at a children's party and in the cloak-room. It is from the fact that this important event happened in the cloak-room that I deduce our respective ages since we must both have been at the age when, as Sir James Barrie very nearly put it, children are such little darlings that one cloak-room may serve for both kinds. I remember too that the young lady, whose name was Flossie, had spurned me throughout the entire evening and that I had the sense to attribute my ultimate conquest to the fact that she was drunk on trifle. Anyhow we embraced and for the first time it occurred to me that life might as well end there as it could have nothing further to offer. I saw the lady once again, a month or two later. She ignored my salute coldly, and when I endeavoured to ingratiate myself by feeding the same swan moved away and fed another. On returning from my walk I had little appetite for tea, rejecting everything except cake. And thus concluded the only amorous adventure of my infancy since a few weeks later I was sent to school where being a little boy and not put into uniform one had other things to do besides fall in love with the assistant-masters. After that and until I was out of my teens I had no other mistress save Lorna Doone.

Of course there were times, principally at Christmas, when I was unfaithful to Lorna. There was the evening when one was taken to the Christmas pantomime and was only prevented by dying out of hand and out of admiration for some little lady of the chorus with eyes like dog-daisies by the fact that there were some forty others just as lovely and as worshipful, and a sense of the ridiculous kept one from dying for several people at once. Then there was the circus, and what little boys thought about equestriennes with limbs more flowing than their horses' manes has been described by Kenneth Grahame beyond baser emulation. Sometimes I wonder exactly what it is that at a circus attracts little girls. Can it be the circus-master with manners even glossier than his shirt-front? Or is it yonder slip of an acrobat whose plastered hair, receding forehead, and undoubted squint are compensated by peach-coloured thighs and unimpeachable virility? Whatever be the answer it is certain that little boys and girls do not connect either the pantomime or the circus with sex. It is just as certain that their parents do, which is one of the reasons why parents are so singularly diligent at satisfying their children's need of Christmas entertainment.

Sitting at the Plaza the other afternoon and watching Marlene Dietrich in her new film, *Blonde Venus*, I came to the conclusion that cinema-fans are all children in this, that they do not connect sex with their notions of star-worship. I came to the further conclusion that they are all children in this also, that any kind of story will do. A child will say:—"Daddy, tell me a story." It does not say:—"Daddy, tell me a good story"—or an intelligent story, or a story conceived by an adult mind. It just asks to be told something. So it is with cinema-fans who when they go to the pictures ask to be shown the Garbo or the Dietrich or the Dressler in some story no matter how foolish. But in the legitimate theatre the same sort of thing used to prevail. There never was any greater mistake than to suppose that Irving's long reign at the Lyceum was due to his

appearance in the plays of Shakespeare. Irving reigned despite Shakespeare and because elderly clergymen about to visit the metropolis would bid their spouses look in "The Daily Telegraph" to see what dear Sir Henry was playing, hoping for *The Bells* but if the worst came to the worst prepared to put up with *Hamlet*. The reason some writers beat about the bush is that they are trying to say something and not succeeding. What I am trying *not* to say is that the Plaza, the charming house of entertainment in which I have spent so many happy hours, presented last week one of the foolishlest farragoes into which genius like the Dietrich's has ever been inveigled. The story begins with the Dietrich pretending to be an American cabaret star, which is unthinkable. Marlene can be a star of cabaret on condition that that star is Russian, or Andalusian, or even Icelandic. She can never be American because the

pert and the common are not in her repertoire. She has a husband who is consumptive or something of the sort, and in order that he may be sent to a clinic in Europe she gives herself, body and no soul, to some cad. Six months later the husband returns from Europe cured, discovers the truth, and demands his child. Whereupon la Dietrich, clutching it to her bosom, embarks upon a flight which takes her half across America, through cheap music-halls and dens of vice, farmyards and haystacks, always penniless and in each shot rigged out with a different set of clothes. The chase ends at Chattanooga, which shows that the Americans have no sense of humour, where in what appears to be a dove-cot la Dietrich surrenders to a cooing detective. The husband, reclaiming his child, parts with fifteen hundred dollars, which the Dietrich then hands to the first down-and-out she encounters in that doss-house to which people possessed of fifteen hundred dollars are inevitably reduced. She is also drunk, or gives a wretched imitation of it, proposing to drown herself and, a convenient river flashing upon the screen, we see her two seconds later as the rage of

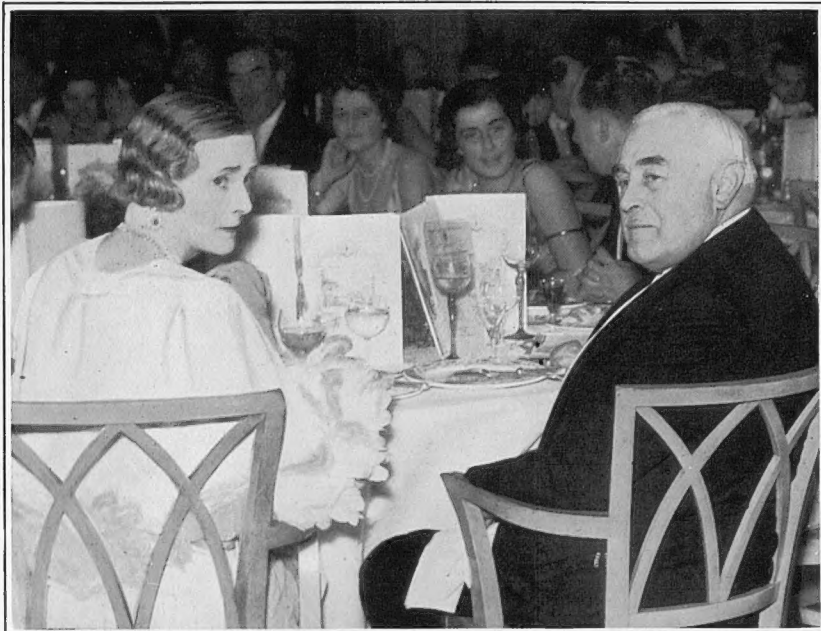


ADRIENNE AMES

Who is making rapid progress towards stardom in Paramount pictures. She had a good part in "Sinners in the Sun," recently shown at the Plaza, and was also in "Guilty as Charged"

revue in Paris, meeting her former seducer, and declining to accompany him to New York where the next shot shows her kneeling by her infant's bedside! The fact that the infant was not dying of pneumonia is the only good point about this film. The truth is that if this is a film of anything it is a film of mother-love and that Marlene as a mother is not in her element—a statement from which I shall not budge though somebody writes to tell me that in private life she has eight children. Nor do I think that anybody quite looks upon her as a flesh-and-blood mistress or in any light other than that of an extraordinarily lovely woman whose beauty is as inviolate as the rose. I believe that men and women gazing on her are affected exactly as children are by their enchantresses of the Christmas pantomime. It is, strictly, enchantment and therefore has nothing to do with actuality and all the unloveliness which attends real love. In my view the best thing in this film was the acting of Mr. Herbert Marshall who for the first time in his life has something bigger than himself to play up against. He rises to the occasion as one always knew he must, and because he is a much better actor than the teacup drama has allowed us to suppose. I thought the production of the film dreadful and can see no reason why nearly all of it should take place in grottoes.

LAST WEEK'S DATES



LADY HOWE AND LORD ELIBANK AT THE MOTOR DINNER
OF THE WOMEN'S AUTOMOBILE AND SPORTS ASSOCIATION



ALSO AT THE MOTOR DINNER: MISS SPOONER AND LORD BRECKNOCK



AT CIRO'S TO WELCOME MISS MARION HARRIS:
LADY WESTMORLAND AND MRS. PETER THURSBY



MISS BETTY BALFOUR AND MISS MARION HARRIS

The Motor Dinner organized by the Women's Automobile and Sports Association at the May Fair Hotel was the occasion on which the two top pictures on this page were taken. It was a most successful gathering with a fine showing of speed merchants. Lady Howe, the wife of the renowned racing motorist, can always be relied on to decorate any event. Her dinner partner was that distinguished Scotsman, Lord Elibank. Miss Winifred Spooner, whose air achievements are so outstanding, found plenty to say to Lord Brecknock, whose interest in flying matters is a lively one. Behind them Sir John Foster-Fraser can be seen looking round. At Ciro's, where the three remaining pictures came from, the bright light of the evening was Miss Marion Harris, the clever cabaret artist, who was given a rousing welcome. Miss Betty Balfour, the British film star, was particularly appreciative and hastened to say so. Lady Westmorland and Mrs. Peter Thursby looked particularly well, and Sir Harold Wernher, M.F.H., and his brother-in-law, Lord Milford Haven, brought a large party, among them Miss Joan Clarkson, who is one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.



ALSO AT CIRO'S: MRS. HOWARD WINTER, SIR HAROLD WERNHER, MISS JOAN CLARKSON, MR. R. WINN, MRS. ROY ROYSTON, AND LORD MILFORD HAVEN

Photographs by Sasha

From the Shires and Provinces



Ian Smith

LADY HADDINGTON

At the opening meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds held at her Border home, Mellerstain. Lady Haddington is a pattern of neatness when she goes hunting, and so far has remained faithful to the side-saddle method.

capital day. The going is very deep but the rain and slight frosts have cleaned the place up a bit and it's not so blind as it was.

From the Beaufort

On Wednesday, at Lower Woods, His Grace gave his pack an extra day, and was well rewarded with useful sport.

Thursday, Tom and the dog pack were at Great Wood. Plenty of water and mud, but only moderate sport; we could see and hear Maurice running with his lot the other side of the G.W.R. Everyone in Beaufortshire attended the bazaar at the Neeld Hall, Chippenham, and judging from the sales success is assured. Miss Marjory Brassey's Pageant of famous pictures was delightful, the children in the afternoon being excellent, whilst the evening and night performances were equally good and well attended. Congratulations to the stage manager and artists.

Saturday, at Pinkney, quite the largest field of the season, and at last a few strangers and soldier chaps—so cheer up girls! Burghie's language, so report has it, was of the best when he crashed into the lady from Grittleton way, and why? We are, alas, losing him for a month or so, as he

A Leicestershire Letter

The Quorn, starting from that most unpropitious of meets, Lodge on the Wolds, had a nice gallop in the afternoon from The Curate and had a smashing good day next day in the Tuesday country. The Belvoir opened the same day at Leadenham as usual, but the most sensitive olfactory nerve could detect no smell of fox most of the day, though funnily enough the Cottesmore were able to run well from Prior's Coppice.

Wednesday was the Belvoir opening meet on the Leicestershire side at Croxton. Everything very smart and new and the roan horse a bit over proud of himself at the meet. Not much good at Bescaby, but at Sproxton Thorns a couple of "prides" of foxes (I don't know what comes after a "leash") went away, and one unlucky one was most scientifically hunted and caught. Sailors don't care or else they don't understand. Perhaps "belay" or "avast there" would penetrate more readily than "hold hard." On the way back to draw Sproxton a fox got up in front of hounds and gave a real good ring through Bescaby and Swallow Hole, nearly back to Sproxton, where he was also caught within a field of the covert. A

has sailed to Canada to judge at the Toronto Hunter Show. Shake 'em up, boy!

Alas, we are again overcast with gloom by the death of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen of Corsham, a most gallant and distinguished soldier and equally so sportsman.

From the Fernie

The field out on the Foston day had some enjoyable moments in the Arnesby country. A quick find in Peatling Covert sent hounds away for Shearsby; those afoot and in cars had little opportunity of seeing the sport, but those ahorse had a rousing gallop, interspersed with some doubtful-looking fences. The leaf still clings, but a night or two of frost should work wonders. We were pleased to see Sir Harold and Lady Zia home again.

Wilkinson's farm yard at Stoughton on Thursday was packed with horses awaiting their several owners. Hounds drawn up in the park attracted the good people of Leicester, who were out in scores to follow on foot. The Dams provided the first thrill, a fox from there, after a turn round, found himself hard pressed on the plough by a single hound, who actually rolled him over, but shaking off his adversary he managed to save his brush as he slipped into Keys Spinney. The little lady who disappeared into the blind ditch will require a new chapeau! "Fruity," on a grey, was amongst several other Meltonians. Having notched a brace and a half, hounds, after a wide reconnaissance in the Norton Valley, without further blood, made a short day of it.

The Repository continues to draw large fields each Saturday. Notwithstanding bad times, the foxchaser still buys and sells. The Duke of Gloucester's stud dispersal was an attraction this week.



Ian Smith

LADY ELLESMERE AND LADY EDITH TROTTER

Another snapshot secured at the Duke of Buccleuch's opening meet at Mellerstain. Lady Edith Trotter, Lord Eglinton's sister, is the wife of Colonel Algernon Trotter of Charterhall, in the Berwickshire country. They also have a house near Edinburgh.

From Warwickshire

A week of ups and downs and eleven foxes at the end. Monday, Oakley Wood. A great scent; once hounds drove a cub out of perhaps the worst scenting covert we have—the despair of its owner who leaves nothing undone to make foxes welcome.

They bucketed him through Ethel's Gorse (Ethel—Lady Beatty—so well remembered in Warwickshire, not long gone to her rest, and her horses sold this week) and caught him in Firtree Hill; no fox could have stood up for long with that scent.

Tuesday, Weston, and the heath foxes had the best dusting since Jack Brown's time; a burning scent in covert, and so four eaten.

Then away towards Brailes with another, but scent waned and near Burmington they were beaten.

Thursday, Norton Lindsey way, and the poorest scenting day so far. A short dart out of Luscombe and

(Continued on p. vi)

THE CURTAIN RISES ON

A NEW HUNTING SEASON



MASTERS OF THE NAAS HARRIERS: MAJOR-GENERAL SWEENEY AND CAPTAIN HEFFERNAN



WITH THE PERCY: THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, M.F.H.



THE SOUTH ATHERSTONE: MR. WRIGHT, M.F.H., AND MISS BONN AT NEWNHAM PADDOX



IN WALES: LIEUT.-COLONEL CADELL, MRS. LLEWELLIN-WILLIAMS AND MR. LLEWELLIN-WILLIAMS, M.F.H.



THE MASTER'S WIFE: LADY LECONFIELD



THE LADIES DIANA AND ELIZABETH PERCY AND A FRIEND (left) AT ALNWICK CASTLE

Hunting made its official start in most countries last week, and here are some of the people who will be actively concerned with the best sport of all for the next five months or so. Major-General Sweeney and Captain Heffernan are Joint-Masters of the Naas Harriers, which had their opening meet at Punchestown. Mr. A. Hall Watt hunts the Percy foxhounds for the Duchess of Northumberland, who took over the Mastership on the death of her husband in 1930. They opened their season, according to custom, at Alnwick Castle. Mr. R. Wright, the Master, was at home to the South Atherstone for their opening meet, and Lord Tredegar's, of which Mr. C. C. Llewellyn-Williams is Joint-Master (see bottom left), were at Tredegar House. Lady Leconfield, who hunts regularly with her husband's hounds, is a sister of that noted Leicestershire light, Lady Warrender



"GAMINE"

A clever portrait by Gluck, whose *Diverse Paintings* are now on view at the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street. The original of this picture is the little daughter of Sydney Tremayne (Mrs. Roger Cookson). The latter owns a very polished journalistic pen and has also contributed to criminological literature

which either they have to buy, or else for which they must pay rates and taxes. But I have known people with the loveliest of such homes who yet were as really "homeless" as any derelict who will come knocking at one's door. Derelicts, indeed they are. Men and women who, having no life of their own, are always, so to speak, hanging around the lives of other people begging these to keep them company, or planting themselves down in the hope that some kind of affection or entertainment will gyrate around them and so to pass pleasantly their futile hours. Verily they are a nuisance, these people without some sanctuary within themselves, some spiritual home in which the unseen, yet infinitely more lovely life which we lead within ourselves, may be lived and in which alone we find the kind of happiness that endures. And just as an actual home is often sweetest when we have it to ourselves, so this other home, really to be a home, is most beautiful when it requires neither onlookers nor audience. With our real hobbies we are happiest alone. The true music lover avoids the musical party. The lover of art, for whom loveliness is that very real world which somehow lies apart, detests the chatter of the critics. The most enthusiastic playgoer demands the single stall, and book-lovers hate to be read to, and the true poet lives out his life in solitude. The true home, in fact, is never a profession, but a whole world apart. And surely it is an existence which we take into the life beyond—if we take anything at

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Our "Home."

"Music," I read the other day in a book, "is a marvellous home — for those who have no home in life." So, too, are art and literature and friendship and love and almost anything which takes one so completely out of oneself that it seems as if we were leading a happy dream life in an existence of cold facts, of which the substance is usually more inimicable than friendly. People are so apt to think of home as four walls and a roof,

all. Nothing else is worth bringing over. Indeed, I pity the man or woman who has no home, whatever that home may be. If you have brought into the twilight of Life nothing beyond a Rolls-Royce and an elegant domicile, or luxuries to like effect, the true loveliness of life has passed you by. There is so much more in existence than the symbol of these things. Who was it said that Nature is God's way of painting pictures for the very poor? Love, again, although one of the rarest blessings, is also the cheapest. There is scarcely a life so utterly barren that it cannot create something wonderful as it passes by, and know the exquisite joy of such creation. Art, literature, music, genuine friendship, genuine love, these are the real worldly blessings, and any kind of labour which is a joy, no matter what its end may be, is worth every entrée into any kind of exclusive circle. Happiness is little more than the joy of getting away from the "jar" of everyday. And so I come to Miss Edith Sitwell's little book, "The Pleasures of Poetry" (Duckworth. 6s.), which, if poetry be your home, will bring to it a most welcome guest. It will certainly reveal the joy of poetry in a new light for that average poetry-lover who loves, he knows not why, who fails in appreciation, he knows not wherefore. For Miss Sitwell is as much concerned with poetry as *music* as with poetry as *idea*. Just as it is the average lover of music who is astonished when a critic analyses that music as a deliberate wordless expression of a definite *thought*, so the average lover of poetry will be astonished as well as delighted to find that there is another conception of poetry, which is thought deliberately expressed in a kind of noteless song. One had thought that beautiful lines were merely a series of lovely mental pictures expressed in an exquisite combination of words. But the best poetry is more than that. Hand in hand with it there goes actual *music*, as deliberately composed for the ear alone as a tone poem. Thus Miss Sitwell analyses, as one might analyse music, such poems as Swinburne's "Illicit," Rossetti's "Sister Helen," Morris's "Summer Dawn," Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters," Poe's "Annabel Lee," Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market," and Browning's "In a Year." These form, however, only a part of the anthology which follows on an analysis of each poet's work. And this anthology is so interesting, because it is so personal. There are no sop's thrown out to popularity. Most of the poems selected will rarely be found in the usual favourite anthology, for which I, at any rate, am grateful. Indeed, I had rarely before regarded poetry from purely the musical standpoint as Miss Sitwell does. Subconsciously I had, of course, appreciated its music; but I had listened to the significance of the words, had visualized its pictures, I had not sat listening purely to the cadences of the sound. In "The Pleasures of Poetry" Miss Sitwell has opened up for me a new delight.

* *

Adventures in the Wilds.

"To Hell and Gone" (Gollancz. 16s.), the title used by Penryn Goldman for the story of his adventure across Central Australia in a "baby" Austin, is the name given to the ceaseless horizon in the Back of Beyond. Incidentally, I thought it a very good title if to arouse curiosity be the first step to best-selling. The book is an excellent example of a well-connected young man wanting to "do



SUPPER TIME

Sasha

Miss Marie Löhr comes on from playing the Empress Maria Theresa in "Casanova" to keep a date with her daughter, Miss Jane Prinsep, and Mr. Peter Stewart at the Carlton, where dancing has started again to Maurice Winnick's band

(Continued on p. 230)

A DELICATE DISTINCTION

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



First Lady: The worst of Mrs. Green is she uses such awful language

Second Lady: Yes, and she uses it as if she enjoyed it, and not merely when it's necessary

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

something different." Yet all the time one is reading the adventure one keeps asking oneself, *why?* There didn't seem very much object in risking one's life by crossing the wilds of Australia in a 7-h.p. Austin. One might almost as urgently cross Central Africa on a scooter. And, just as family influence got the author a fairly easy berth as a steward on the S.S. *Barrabool* going to Sydney, so one felt that his relationship to the Governor-General would look over him as a Guardian Angel in the background when he got there. It was all the question of an exciting experience and not of earning a living. Still, as an exciting experience it is very readable. A few weeks on a rich sheep-farm, luncheons at Government House, fill in the narrative of an adventure which, slightly monotonous in its thrill from the reader's point of view, was nevertheless fraught with suspense and danger. Unhappily the Baby Austin gave up her ghost when the author was 300 miles from his objective. It was a marvel of grit and perseverance on the part of her driver that she didn't expire long before. However, once dead and scrapped, the author finished his Australian trip as the guest of friends returning to civilization. After which journey he continued to the South Sea Islands, where he "turned native" for awhile; but only in that nice kind of way which you can tell mother about. So ends a book of adventure which is always interesting and very easy to read.

* * *

Prison Life.

Even more thrilling to read, however, is Lieut.-Colonel Rich's book, "Recollections of a Prison Governor" (Hurst and Blackett, 18s.). Colonel Rich has been governor of five of the largest prisons in the country—Wakefield, Maidstone, Northampton, Liverpool, and Wandsworth. He was also for seven years Governor of H.M. Borstal Institute, which, in parenthesis, he reformed out of all recognition; for indeed the reputation of Borstal had sunk very low as a power for good before he got there. Here, then, is a book about humanity in the raw, written by a man who has had to deal with its problem from personal experience. Everyone should read it, but especially those of the sloppy school of thought, who believe that a metaphorical aspirin and a little symbolical cold cream will bring all men to God. I will not quote those stories of the author's experiences which have appeared in so many papers since the publication of the book, but one item amused me very much. It is the writer's account of the snobbishness which exists between female prisoners: "The majority of the women preventive detention prisoners always talk as though in the outer world they moved in very high circles, and I really think they talked so much among themselves about their social standing that many of them came to believe it. Some of the stories they told were too marvellous for words, and of course these imagined social differences brought about all sorts of complications. Men of all classes will generally 'muck in' together, and end by hitting it off quite satisfactorily, but women are different. Many of these convicts, for instance, were not on speaking terms with others, simply because of the alleged social inferiority of the latter." Again, one psychological fact especially emerges from this book, and that is that the majority of criminals are congenital liars. By



THE "ARTIGLIO'S" CAPTAIN

Commendatore Giovanni Quaglia, who, as captain of the Italian salvage ship, "Artiglio," was responsible for restoring to this country the greater part of the gold lost in the submerged P. and O. liner "Egypt." The story of this remarkable achievement makes thrilling reading in David Scott's just published "The Egypt's Gold," which is a sequel to "Seventy Fathoms Deep."

cunning, by hypocrisy, by self-deception, by innate conceit they are a class apart. Therefore, it is impossible to deal with them as one would deal with the average human being. Only one thing will they respect, and that is absolute discipline founded on a certain kind of retributive justice. Anything less, anything approaching sloppy forgiveness, fills them not only with contempt, but with a kind of self-glorification. It is, indeed, the sloppiness of inexperience at the hands of those outside prisons which make a prison governor's life sometimes thankless and always difficult. Colonel Rich advocates the "cat" in many cases where now it is disallowed, or only gently laid on. He is also against the abolition of capital punishment. Indeed, reading his book, one feels inclined to enlarge the scope of this. What else can you do with a man or woman who holds in such contempt the lives and property of others whenever they get the chance to benefit by either? Prison means nothing to them, except as an unpleasant interlude which has not the least moral effect. Incidentally, Colonel Rich hits out at many of the accepted modern tenets of society, and looking at the present state of the world he has every justification. His book, apart from its intense interest, is a valuable addition to the solution of that problem of crime in all its forms, which is becoming more and more intense in these days of idling upon others.

* * *

Thoughts from "Recollections of a Prison Governor."

"What is commonly known as 'putting the fear of God' into someone is not altogether a bad scheme, and will often have a more salutary effect than 'more jam for tea.'"

"One only needs to study the records of prisoners and note the dates of their convictions to realize to what an extent discipline can put the brake on a criminal career."

"What is the use of pretending that people keep virtuous because they like it? They behave in most cases just as well as is necessary to keep them from the unpleasant consequences of doing wrong."

"Why is it that anyone who has something unpleasant to say about a prison invariably calls it a gaol?"

* * *

A Very Appealing Story.

Although Commander Stephen Compton, the hero of Philip Gibbs's new novel (incidentally one of the most interesting and moving he has written), "The Anxious Days" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), returned to England after five years in Malay, and was wounded to the heart's core by the kind of England to which he returned, he was in much the same plight as most of us who lived the best part of our lives before the War. We, too, often feel equally strange amid the changes which the War brought about. The story, as a story, concerns Compton's anxiety over his daughter, Madge, and that strange and often meaningless emancipation of girlhood which has come about in recent years. That is the story, but the great appeal of the book lies in the fact that it is also something of a sociological document. We read in it all the frustrated hopes, the uncertainty, the dangerous political doctrines, the so-near calamity which overtook the nation before the last election, the noisy and not very new morality now governing home-life, which have made the last twelve years such very anxious years for us too.



THE LION OF THE EVENING: MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM WITH HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER, MISS ELIZABETH MAUGHAM

LONDON RETURNS THANKS "FOR SERVICES RENDERED"



PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO AND MR. H. G. WELLS



MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS AND MR. OSBERT SITWELL



MISS LEONORA CORBETT AND DAME LAURA KNIGHT



LADY OXFORD AND MR. "EDDIE" MARSH

A Somerset Maugham first night—and a memorable one—was the reason why the people in these pictures gathered at the Globe Theatre last week. And they had good cause to congratulate themselves, for Mr. Somerset Maugham's moving study of a post-War family has been rightly acclaimed a masterpiece. He threatens that "For Services Rendered" is his final contribution to the theatre. Perish the thought! The intelligentsia were well in evidence at the première; Princess Antoine Bibesco applauding delightedly, Lady Oxford ditto; Mr. H. G. Wells obviously not worrying about the Deeks v. Wells and Others copyright claim appeal; Mr. Osbert Sitwell exchanging polished wit with Mr. Nichols who, fortunately for London, is not to be found "Down the Garden Path" much at this time of year. Mr. "Eddie" Marsh, one of the regular first-nighters, was in good fettle, and Dame Laura Knight, England's greatest woman painter, had a word with that clever young actress, Miss Leonora Corbett. The evergreen Edna May (Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn) has recently returned from her villa on the Riviera

Photographs by Sasha



ARRIVING IN GOOD TIME: MRS. LEWISOHN (EDNA MAY) WITH MAJOR BACKLER

A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATLER,—You will, I am sure, be grieved to hear that the stony-hearted mandarins of the Rugby Union have sternly turned down the suggestion of the borough authorities of Richmond that they should camouflage the Twickenham stands. No decorative painting is to be done and no avenues of poplars are to be planted, the view from Richmond Terrace must take its chance. Utility, and nothing but utility, is the motto of the R.U.

This story about the imminence of flood-light Rugby may or may not be true, in any case it seems fairly certain that our pastors and masters will look at it askance. It is difficult to imagine any of our prominent clubs becoming keen on it, and surely no others will be any use. It is, apparently, purely a question of gate-money and only the most famous players and the strongest fifteens will attract the desired crowds. As a matter of fact, once the amount necessary for expenses has been obtained the less money there is in Rugby the better for the game. It is true that many clubs never do obtain that amount from their gates, but too little cash, in Rugby, is far more healthy than too much.

Apart from a few wealthy clubs, who are the exceptions rather than the rule, Rugby money is in the hands of the Unions, who may be trusted to make the best possible use of it. As long as most of the surplus is used for the purchase of grounds there can be no complaints, from reasonable people that is. Of course there are folks who grumble at everything and who never lose a chance of girding at the Rugby Union. No doubt the other Unions have their captious critics as well, and take just about as much notice of them.

There must have been weeping and wailing amongst the maidens of Portsmouth and Southsea when the sad news came through that G. W. F. de V. Hunt had broken his nose in a motor accident. Hunt is about the most attractive personality of the day from a Rugby point of view, apart from the charm he appears to exercise over the fair sex, and if there were many more players of his type the dwindling gates of club Rugby would soon revive. Hampshire missed him badly in their match with Middlesex but managed to pull through without his aid, largely owing to the dash of T. S. Lee and his comrades, N. L. Evans and W. Elliott, both England caps.

The former is one of the most promising forwards the Navy has had for some time, and if his duties permit he should be of great service to England for a long time to come. Elliott, it is the fashion to say, was given his cap too soon, but the selectors could not help themselves, and any way he played very well against Scotland. He had the doubtful satisfaction of scoring a try

which did not pass muster with the referee, though it was quite all right. No injustice was done to England, however, as the disallowing of Elliott's try atoned for the one by Black which was permitted to count though it was obviously wrong.

Hampshire, the United Services, and the Navy have suffered another severe loss by the departure on foreign service of that fine forward, J. W. Forrest, who has eight English caps to his credit, though he did not get his place last season. Forrest is a typical second-row forward, heavy and strong and as hard as nails, who might easily have done better against the South Africans last January than some of those who did turn out. Not that there need be any complaints about England's second row in that match, for both R. G. S. Hobbs and Marine Webb did splendidly, and it is a pity that the former is no longer in England.

You will remember that England gained a rather unexpected victory over Ireland at Dublin last February. Much of the credit for that win should go to Webb, who was told off to mark George Beamish, a nice easy afternoon's work! However, you can't

beat a marine, and this particular one did his job so well that poor George had a most disappointing match, so much so that he almost lost his place in the side. Luckily for Ireland wiser counsels prevailed, and he played a great part in the famous victory at Swansea, which cost the Welshmen the championship.

B. C. Gadney, of Leicester, the old Stowe boy, who played twice for England last season, and did so well against Scotland, is again in great form, and Leicester are to be congratulated on nine victories off the reel. Gadney is sure to get into the trials, but he will find plenty of opposition, and amongst others it is quite probable that E. E. Richards, of Plymouth Albion, will come into the reckoning. He played twice for England three years ago, and since then has been somewhat unaccountably neglected.

The Universities are still building up their sides, but it is evident already that both will have pretty useful packs, as well as sound full-backs. In each case the stand-off half position is the main problem. With Anderson and Phillips both in the team the Light Blues can hardly go wrong even if P. L. Candler, the freshman from Sherborne, does not make good this season. As to Oxford, K. L. Jackson filled the place quite satisfactorily against the London Scottish, and it is no easy job to do that with the Oxford skipper in front of you. N. K. Lamport's passes are so slow that he gives his partner very little chance, and unless he smartens himself up his backs are bound to suffer, which would be a thousand pities.

"HARLEQUIN."



BLACKHEATH GETS POSSESSION

A line-out in the match between Blackheath and Old Alleynians at the Rectory Field. Blackheath won by 18 points to nil, their forwards displaying the effectiveness usually associated with them



A HOLD-UP ON THE RECTORY FIELD

C. D. Aarvold, the Blackheath International captain, tackling an Old Alleynian player. The Old Boys rallied strongly in the second half, but in spite of many determined attacks were unable to score against Blackheath



Peter North, Old Burlington Street

LADY ASHLEY: THREE NEW STUDIES

Always supposing that eyes were made for seeing, beauty, we are told, is its own excuse for being. In this connection few people have a better excuse than Lady Ashley, whose blonde loveliness invariably attracts admiring attention wherever she goes. Her clothes, too, are a treat, and she has one of the best collections of bracelets in London. Before her marriage Lady Ashley was fairly well known on the stage as Miss Sylvia Hawkes. She has lately been on the sick list, but is now much better, which is a matter for congratulation among her many friends

SPORTING DAYS



Poole, Dublin

THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY AND
THE HON. ANTHONY WINN AT THE CURRAGH
FOR THE IRISH CAMBRIDGESHIRE



Poole, Dublin



Poole, Dublin

ALSO WITNESSING THE IRISH CAMBRIDGESHIRE AT THE CURRAGH

Represented in the pictures above are, left: Captain and Mrs. Denis Daly, with Mrs. Parr (centre) and Mr. Mathias Everard; right: Miss Daphne Lawson and Miss Dreda Burrell. Captain Daly and his bride, who was Miss Maeb Lennon until September, returned from their honeymoon just in time for the Irish Cambridgeshire (won by Mrs. Crofts' "Step Aside Lord"). Mrs. Parr is the wife of Major Victor Parr, who bred "Nitsichin." Mr. Everard, Sir Nugent Everard's brother, has had the good idea of starting an Embassy Club near Navan for the special benefit of Meathites. What enterprise! Miss Dreda Burrell has been visiting her brother, Mr. Peter Burrell, in Co. Kildare. The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley is now living at the Curragh, her husband having transferred his training establishment to Osborne Lodge



LADY HELEN PRIMROSE AND MR. J. LAKIN
AT THE OXFORD DRAG HUNTER TRIALS

Held on Lord Jersey's estate at Middleton Stoney, the Oxford University Drag Hunter and Hound Trials did not have the weather in their favour, but entries were good nevertheless. Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Helen Primrose, won the Ladies' Class on her father's "Foxglove," and this fine performer also secured the Champion Challenge Cup, in which event Mr. Oldfield had the mount. Mr. J. Lakin's grey gave him a fall at the water jump, but he was none the worse. Lady Jersey presented the prizes. Mr. Richard Fleming (see right) is now entering his second season as Master of the New College and Magdalen Beagles. This picture was taken at Corporation Farm, near Abingdon



Johnson

MR. RICHARD FLEMING, MASTER OF THE
NEW COLLEGE AND MAGDALEN BEAGLES



MISS TINKER, M.F.H.

The Joint-Master of the Badsworth at a recent meet of this well-known Yorkshire pack at Carlton Towers, the home of Ethel, Baroness Beaumont. The Badsworth, one of the oldest of the North Country Hunts, was founded by Mr. Bright of Badsworth in 1720

A LITTLE BEDTIME STORY!



LIFE - SAVING AT SEA!



DRY AND WARM!

THE CHILDREN OF THE HON. JAMES AND LADY JEAN BERTIE

These two gentlemen with such a praiseworthy addiction to soap and water are named Andrew and Peregrine, and are the grandchildren of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, as their mother was formerly Lady Jean Crichton-Stuart. Lt.-Commander the Hon. James Willoughby Bertie, who married Lady Jean in 1928, is a younger son of the late Earl of Abingdon and an uncle of the present peer. The present Lord Abingdon was born in 1887, and his uncle, just referred to, in 1901, and his other uncle, the Hon. Arthur Bertie, in 1886. To have collected these perfectly charming child studies at a moment when no one really expects to be photographed is a very good achievement



A PRONOUNCED CRIB-BITER

Photos: Swaebe

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



Studio Piaz, Paris

MLLE. EVE CURIE

The daughter of the famous scientist, whose first play—a French adaptation of "Spread Eagle"—is being produced at the Gymnase Theatre. Mlle. Curie is well known as a brilliant pianist, whose recitals were always well attended by the cognoscenti. She has, however, deserted the piano for the pen! Priscilla has a few kind words to say about this play in this week's letter

how she refused a well-advertised tour of the United States because she came to the conclusion that the American impresario was trading on her name rather than on her personal reputation, fine though that reputation was.

Her début as dramatist was made at the Gymnase this week, and therefore under M. Henry Bernstein's protecting wing, since he presides over the destiny of this theatre. Since this famous playwright is also a past-master in the art of *mise en scène* and production, she could not have been luckier in her choice of godparent . . . or was it the godparent who did the choosing? Anyway, both are to be congratulated. No doubt it would be more to the point to say that Mlle. Curie made her début as adapter rather than dramatist; but any play "taken from the American" (as this one is) needs so much rewriting and readjustment to suit a French audience that the finished article, as it comes before the public of the *répétition générale*, is "better than new."

TRÈSCHER, —It must be very pleasant to be a slim and pretty girl in the early twenties, to have already experienced very flattering concert successes as a pianist and to find oneself blossoming out as a dramatist under the most favourable auspices. Thus Mlle. Eve Curie, the charming, dark-eyed daughter of the great scientists who have given radium to the world. I have often written of Mlle. Curie's successful piano recitals on this page, and, later,

145, Wall Street has been painlessly and cleverly extracted from an American play entitled *Spread Eagle*. It shows the world how a ruthless (and very slightly ga-ga, as played by Marcel-Simon-of-the-drooling-mouth) financier engineers a Mexican revolution and nurses it carefully into the provocation of a war between the States and Mexico that will, of course, suit his interests. I need hardly tell you how indignantly we reacted to this theme, and thrilled to the hero's final denunciation of the Wicked Old Man!

As usual at the Gymnase, the scenery—designed by Paul Colin—is remarkable. A Wall Street office, with its almost bird's-eye view from an immense window down into the canyon of the "Street"; a miserable shanty out on a Mexican oil-field, where one gets a marvellous impression of the damp, relentless heat; the wings of a theatre during the announcement of war, made to the invisible—but very audible—audience by the stage manager; and, finally, the financier's private Pullman in a station near the frontier. . . . An all-star cast, comprising such names as Marcel Simon, Alcover, Clariond, Burgère, and Mme. Jane Chevrel, extract every ounce of merit from this somewhat melodramatic but most interesting satire.

I am told that the fashion writers are announcing that jade will be "all the wear" in Paris this winter! Jade the mineral, not jade the colour . . . though I believe that green is a popular shade also. Well . . . for small mercies let us be thankful. This comes as a relief after having read a leading article on the front page of an evening "daily" that informs us that "junk" jewellery is now taboo, and that we must, if we wear anything that glitters, wear it with the pukka Tiffany, Cartier, or Any-Other-Great-Firm hall-mark! The famous *couturière*, quite a duchess in her own line, who launches this ukase is well known on both sides of the Channel, and her word is law! So now you know. Also, Très Cher, you can tell your girl friends that they—those who have any—can scrap their "service stripes." Bracelets are henceforth to be of "solid" worth. No more fifty pounds'-worth of diamond dust set in three hundred pounds'-worth of platinum setting.

The lady has also declared that henceforth, when a woman wishes to spend twenty thousand francs on a brooch, she undertakes to sell her something that, should the buyer some day need to hock it (although these were not quite the words she used), will produce at least eighteen thousand francs'-worth of diamonds, and that this is "sheer economy"! Quite. . . . I am not of a particularly altruistic nature, but I do think

that this sort of blather could only become interesting if applied to the necessities of life. I wish, for the sake of the many I know of whom it would benefit, that an honest company of butchers could be formed to sell the poorer classes their Sunday joint with a maximum of meat and a minimum of bone and gristle; it is there, I think, that "solid worth" is needed. Forgive me, Très Cher, for this somewhat tub-thumping attitude that is rather a new departure.

With love,
PRISCILLA.



RUTH SIENCZYNSKI, THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD PRODIGY, CONDUCTED BY M. PIERRE MONTIAUX

This young lady, whose name you will prefer *not* to try to pronounce, has flabbergasted the world of music—including the great Cortot, who was at the Salle Pleyel to hear her performance. It is the firm belief of many that Ruth is a reincarnation of some great pianist of the past. There seems to be no other way of accounting for her really amazing talent



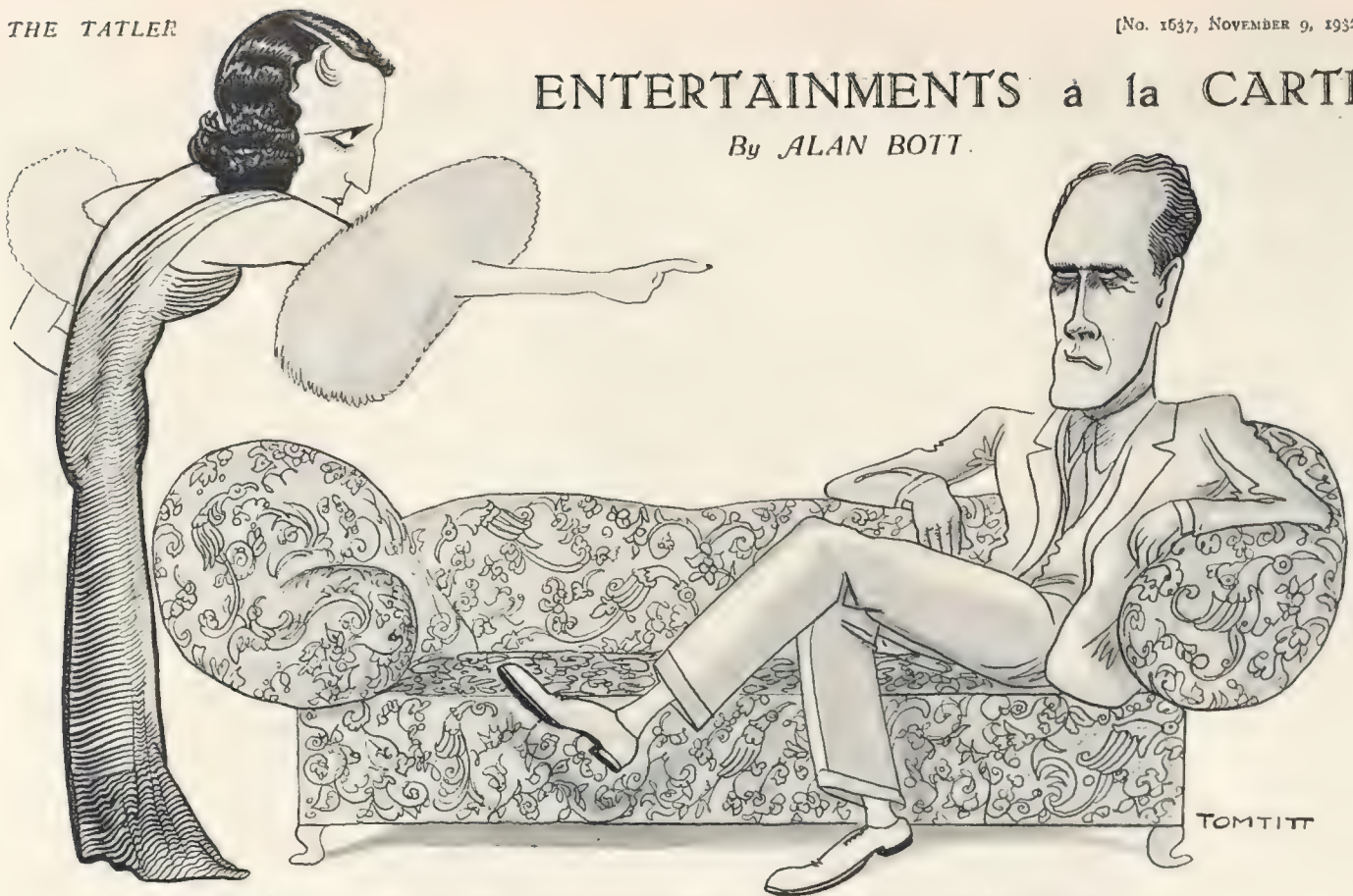
TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Clarence Sinclair Bull

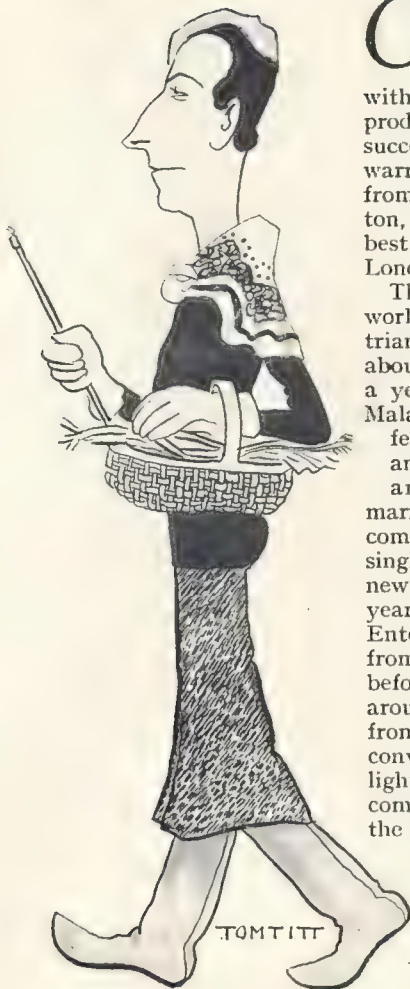
A new portrait of the one and only Tallulah, who flames across the screen again in "Tinfoil," her rôle taking her from the marble halls of wealth to the direst straits of poverty. For this picture, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have borrowed Miss Bankhead from her home preserve, Paramount, to star with Robert Montgomery. Her most recent screen showing in London was with Charles Laughton and Clark Gable in "Devil and the Deep"

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT.



INDICTMENT OF AN UNDERSTANDING HUSBAND: FAY COMPTON, OWEN NARES

Admiral Grumpy and Some OthersTHE ADMIRAL'S BUGBEAR:
MARTITA HUNT

ONCE a Husband is made to measure for its actors; and since they wear their parts with creaseless allure, the production may have a better success than its raw material warrants. Here, meanwhile, from Cyril Maude, Fay Compton, and Owen Nares, is the best comedy team-work in London at the moment.

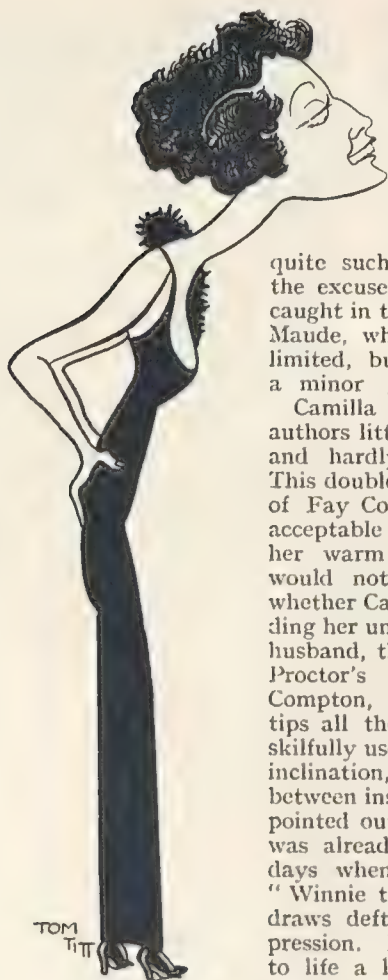
The play itself is a fret-work construction in the usual triangular pattern. Camilla is about to divorce Gerald, who, a year or two earlier, left for Malaya in the company of a female violinist with thick ankles. She is to announce another engagement to marry as soon as nisi becomes absolute; and the single originality is that the new suitor is a youth thirteen years younger than herself. Enter, as usual, the husband from overseas, three days before the absolute. Easily aroused jealousy, easy kisses from a girl friend, and a convenient failure of electric light are among the many complications that lead to the wife's decision to take back her husband, only slightly the worse for wear.

Since the only virtue comes from acting and production, let me consider the Haymarket show in terms of performance. Cyril Maude is at least a

third of the entertainment, although his rôle is outside the play's direct plot. He is a plump, white-haired, ruddy-faced Admiral, with the sparkle and soft intonation that have always belonged to Cyril Maude. He is a rather reminiscent Admiral, blood-brother to Grumpy and cousin to Lord Richard in the Pantry. His benevolent charm is crusted over with protest and prejudice. As in the old days, "frightful" becomes Cyril Maude's favourite adjective. Camilla being his stage niece, he violently considers her young admirer to be a "frightful fellow." When the husband's arrival breaks up a dinner party with emotional disturbance, he remarks: "Camilla, I was at Jutland, but this is frightful." His timing of the following laugh, and of all other laughs, is perfect. He neither hurries the audience, nor lets its attention slow up. He gives indifferent lines a crackle by delivering them nimbly, in the exact split-fraction of a second.

He is a past-master at evoking sympathetic amusement from acted annoyance. Gerald's entrance having happened during the soup course, the Admiral's manner nicely interprets a protest from his thwarted stomach. And when Camilla insists on stealing away to her uncle's country house, a rich testiness goes into his refusal to be fobbed off with a snack at the Ace of Spades. Elected to his local Watch Committee, mellow inconsequence redeems the hypocrisy in his suggestion that the district's morals will be improved by

THE ADMIRAL'S WAY:
CYRIL MAUDE

JANE
BAXTER

cutting down the long grass and filling in the ditches. He is expert in turning on charm to divert the listeners' attention from the futile dialogue about married quarrels. Confronted with an embarrassed exit from a sentimental occasion, nobody else could bring

quite such polished awkwardness to the excuse that a hedgehog has been caught in the tennis net. He is Cyril Maude, whose range has always been limited, but who within the limits is a minor genius of polite comedy.

Camilla has received from the authors little substance, no credibility, and hardly any inherent attraction. This doubles the task (and attainment) of Fay Compton in making her part acceptable to ear and eye. But for her warm voice and presence, you would not care, after the first act, whether Camilla ended by legally bedding her unimportant self with the ex-husband, the boy lover, or the King's Proctor's favourite nephew. Miss Compton, however, has at her fingertips all the tricks of the trade, and skilfully uses them to imply hesitation, inclination, resentment, and a warfare between instinct and resolution. It is pointed out, for instance, that Camilla was already a married woman in the days when her suitor was reading "Winnie the Pooh"; whereupon she draws deft comedy from a hurt expression. Her vitality almost brings to life a limp character whose veins contain water instead of blood. A test of talented acting is a poor part. Her handling of this one proves a virtuosity miles beyond what the name

Fay Compton conjured up to the popular mind during the years when her first entrances, in Barrie or what-not, always evoked from any auditorium the rustling whisper "Sweet!"

Owen Nares is served little better in dialogue and motive, but at any rate his part belongs to a type which he has recently made his own—that of the Man Who Understands Women, and who subtly applies the knowledge to gaining his approved ends. Here, again, the actor's technique and pleasant personality push into the background the playwright's insufficiency. He has a talent for plausible pretence, and a gift for narrative about off-stage happenings; as when he tells of a party at the Admiral's local pub, where the innkeeper fell from grace and made noises like Whip-snade. And nobody is better than he at man-handling an errant wife in the recognised theatrical manner. The catch-as-catch-can shaking that comes to Camilla for the final curtain is realistic enough to satisfy those who still think that treating 'em rough is the best policy after all.

Jane Baxter, one of the young actresses always cast to "type," is here the modern young thing as before, radiating pert attitude and self-sufficiency. This supposedly modern young thing has become on the stage a convention, not to say a bore, through her sameness, her

repetition and the eternal chatter about what "people of our generation" think or deny (in this play, "people of our generation don't get soppy about each other, do they?"). Still, if we must have the type with us always, Jane Baxter can give it glitter by covering with an attractive manner the half-hearted sentiment and experimental embraces that go with the type.

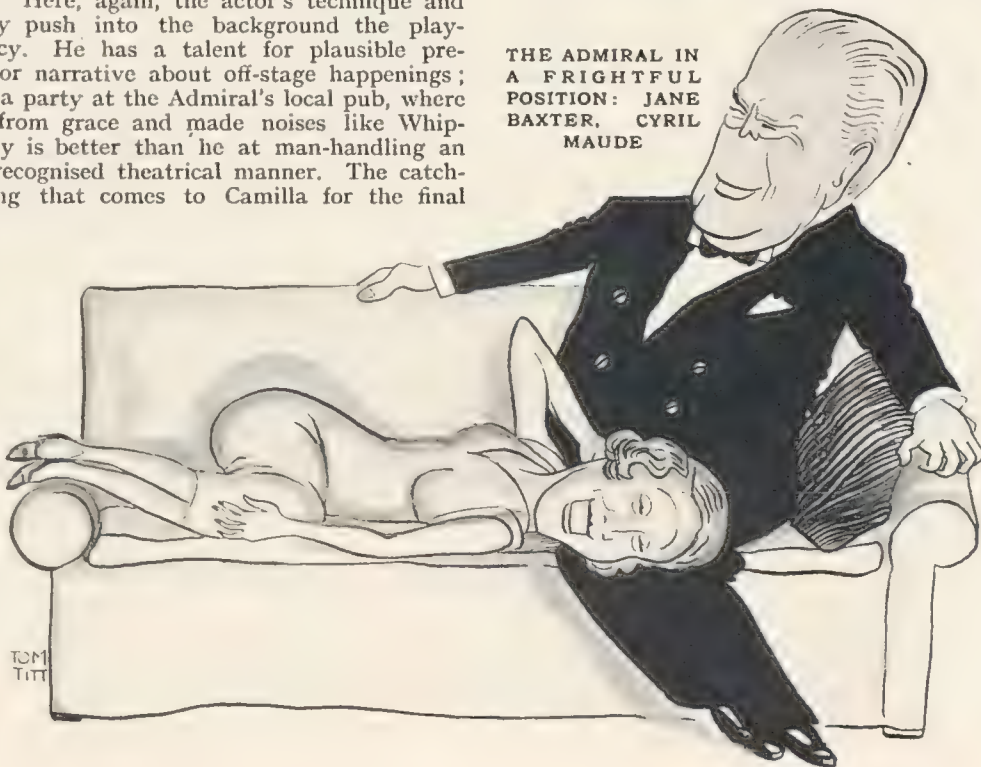
Robert Andrews, who has ably enacted boy friends these fourteen years or more, gives many plausible touches to the suitor in Camilla's offing. His is here a thankless task. In a rôle that cannot come to life, he must be faintly objectionable so as to justify the Admiral's dislike; and he is denied the audience's interest, as well as its sympathy, since the character is neither pleasant nor unpleasant, but merely indefinite. His job is to feed the rest; and in throwing opportunities to the major performing seals, his aim is properly professional.

Is there needed, for any new production, some female comic relief? Then managers inevitably ring the changes on Jean Cadell, Martita Hunt, and May Agate. Martita Hunt, in this Haymarket comedy, is the Admiral's bucolic neighbour and local bugbear. She wears gumboots with an amusing air; she introduces acid dryness into syrupy scenes; she manipulates polite blackmail with a degree of humour; she fights with humorous personality against unhumorous odds; and she deserves better luck next time.

ROBERT
ANDREWS

After suffering pleasure and pain from many first nights, I may be permitted to call

attention to *First Night*, Mrs. Lorna Rea's new novel. It is outside my province to argue its literary merits; but readers who frequent opening performances will discover exact types and atmosphere, and characters that resemble their own sweet selves. A pleasant malice pervades its description of the paragraphed beauties, the manager and his queenly wife, the rival actress hoping for the worst, the mixture of critics, and the other performers in a first-night auditorium. None of these are portraits, but they combine into an authentic conversation piece.

THE ADMIRAL IN
A FRIGHTFUL
POSITION: JANE
BAXTER, CYRIL
MAUDE



AT "WILD VIOLETS": LEFT—MISS LEA SEIDL; RIGHT—MR. PAT WADDINGTON, MISS ANNE CROFT, MR. GWYN DAVIES AND MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH IN FIRST-NIGHT FORM AT DRURY LANE



WATCHING MODERN RUSSIA STAGED: SIR RICHARD AND LADY MURIEL PAGET AND MRS. GWATKIN



ARRIVING AT THE GARRICK FOR "THE BEAR DANCES": SIR AUSTEN AND LADY CHAMBERLAIN WITH MRS. VICTOR SCRATCHLEY



MISS FANNY WARD (MRS. JACK DEAN)

MISS EVELYN LAYE WAS ALSO AT THE "WILD VIOLETS" PREMIÈRE

FIRST - NIGHTERS

At Drury Lane and the Garrick

Whether or no "Wild Violets" will appeal to the multitude remains to be seen, but that its old-fashioned charm and haunting music entranced the eyes and ears of the first-night audience at Drury Lane was obvious. In a packed house many noted faces caught the eye, and Fanny Ward, now Mrs. Jack Dean, as usual filled her contemporaries with envy



Photographs by Sasha

LADY FURNESS AND LADY HEADFORT

Drury Lane was not the only draw for first-nighters on October 31. The Garrick Theatre was also engaged in introducing a new production to London, to wit, "The Bear Dances," and Lady Furness and Lady Headfort selected this première for their patronage. Written by F. L. Lucas, "The Bear Dances" presents—largely by means of discussion—a study of Soviet Russia, in which the points of view of Communism and of its Western critics are contrasted. An undeniably interesting play, in which Elena Miramova makes a big success. Sir Austen Chamberlain also features—in effigy—so he and Lady Chamberlain made a point of attending on the first night to have a look at his pseudo-Russian representation



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"'FIONA,' Madam, in fine alpaca."

"But what a dashing little suit . . . and this cable-stitched cardigan . . . that adorable check . . . these tricky little lapels with the quaint edging . . . this demure little collar . . .!"

As we said before, all this happened a week or two ago.

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ON THE SCREEN



Angelo
LILIAN HARVEY



JOAN BLONDELL

Elmer Fryer



THE EYES HAVE IT! SHEILA TERRY

Lilian Harvey, the lovely young Londoner with the twinkling feet, who is now nearing the end of her contract with Ufa Studios, is to be honoured in Hungary, before leaving for America, by featuring as the sole exhibit at a special photographic exhibition held in Budapest. Over a hundred portraits of her will be on view, and one of them is shown here. M. Paul Poiret is also in the screen news, having very temporarily deserted the creation of fashions to create the part of Father Ursule, a shoemaker, in the French picture, "Panurge." He has a further interest in this film, for the frocks are signed "Poiret." Sheila Terry's beautiful sympathetic eyes do not belie her; almost anyone with a hard-luck story can reach the heart of this celebrated blonde beauty. She is one of the First National Stars, while Joan Blondell is a decorative asset to M.G.M.



PAUL POIRET AS A FILM STAR



R. S. Cripp

THE LONDON WELSH XV

Back row (left to right): Wyndham Lewis, Roy Thomas, H. M. Bowcott, E. Martin, P. E. Gibbons, F. A. Instone, R. Jones, T. J. Davies and M. H. Evans. Sitting: I. Orwerth Evans, M. G. Evans, R. V. Howell, Captain G. C. H. Crawshaw (President), W. A. V. Thomas (Captain), W. C. Powell and T. E. Jones-Davies. London Welsh were beaten by Northampton at Herne Hill by a dropped goal and two tries to two goals, in a hard, clean, bustling game packed with excitement



R. S. Cripp

LONDON IRISH XV AND OFFICIALS

Back row: Major C. R. McGowan and J. L. Reid (Committee), B. Quin (Match Hon. Sec.), W. J. Coffey, J. P. Reidy, W. E. Anderson, Dr. Reid, J. D. Quinn, R. C. Lyness, G. MacMahon, H. L. Day (referee) and M. Doyle. Sitting: J. Morrissey, G. S. Barry, W. Morgan (Captain), the Rev. J. R. Jones, H. S. Ruttle, J. W. McCarthy and L. Gorman. In front: W. Igoo and M. S. Chapman

BELOW: CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY XV



Bassano

THE NORTHAMPTON XV

In the group above are (back row): Mr. Clayton Williams (Chairman), D. Lyons, J. G. Cook, N. A. York, J. Ducks, T. Harris, L. Garrett, C. J. Pollars and H. W. Crosh. Sitting: R. J. Longland, C. Slow, J. H. Treen, W. H. Weston, E. Coley, A. D. Matthews and V. Watkins. In front: D. King, E. Julianne and R. H. A. Eames

On the right are the Cambridge University XV, photographed before their match with Richmond. The names are: J. R. C. Lord, C. G. E. Delafield, D. L. K. Milman, G. S. Waller, W. J. Leather, R. B. Jones, D. M. Marr, P. L. Candler, E. B. Pope, K. C. Fyffe, E. C. Mercer, J. H. L. Phillips, W. T. Anderson and G. W. Parker





Dorothy Wilding

*A clever Sculptor: the Princess Leopold von Loewenstein
Wertheim-Freudenberg shows her artistry*

The attractive young wife of Prince Leopold von Loewenstein Wertheim-Freudenberg, whom she married in June last, gave evidence at a very early age that she possessed great talent as a sculptor. She was only fourteen when she held her first exhibition—in Rome—and now her work is well known both on the Continent and in England. The Princess is seen here with a just completed portrait bust of William Gerhardt, the author, who, by the way, had a new book published last week. Princess Leopold, a great granddaughter of the late Emperor of Brazil, is a daughter of Count von Treuberg. Her husband is partly English, his mother, Princess Maximilian of Loewenstein-Wertheim, being the youngest of the three daughters of the late Lord Pirbright



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A CLERGYMAN noticed a woman named Mrs. Parker, whom he much disliked, coming up his front steps. Taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller.

Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listened carefully at the door, and hearing nothing below, called out to his wife: "Has that horrible old woman gone?"

The woman was still in the drawing-room, but the minister's wife proved equal to the occasion.

"Yes, dear," she called back, "she went long ago. Mrs. Parker is here now."

An angry woman entered the bird fancier's establishment. "Look here," she burst out, "last week you sold me a parrot and told me that it could speak five languages. I have had that parrot six days, and he hasn't even opened his mouth. What do you mean by selling me a bird like that? Do you realise that I paid you good money for a bird that could talk? And do you realise that he hasn't a word to say for himself? And do——"

"Madam," interrupted the proprietor, "has the poor bird had a chance?"

"There was a time," said Mrs. Brown, plaintively, "when you always called me 'Daisy'; now it's Mrs. Brown, as if I were the merest stranger to you."

"Found out my mistake, my dear. Daisies shut up at night; you don't."

It is said that when Miss Amelia Earhart, the famous airwoman, who flew the Atlantic solo, arrived back in America, she received a large number of letters and telegrams, one of the most amusing of which was from the firm of dry-cleaners who "valet" for her. It read:

"Congratulations. Knew you'd make it. We never lose a customer."

A man sent a couple of empty petrol tins, with a sarcastic note, to a firm of motor manufacturers.

"Make me one of your famous cars with these," said the note.

Next day the car was delivered. An accompanying note said: "What shall we do with the second tin?"

"Oh, Captain," quavered the very nervous passenger, "what would happen if the ship struck an iceberg?"

"The iceberg would go on as if nothing had happened, madam," replied the Captain.

"Oh, thank you so much," gasped the lady, "I feel so much relieved now!"

There had been a terrible smash, and the motorist was carried into the nearest doctor's surgery.

"I can't do anything for this man," said the doctor. "I'm a veterinary surgeon."

"You're the right man for me," said the patient. "I was a donkey to think I could run that machine."

A man was sentenced to a flogging, and the whole time that the punishment was being administered he laughed uproariously.

"I don't see what you have got to laugh about!" said the official with the "cat."

"Don't you?" asked the man, laughing louder still. "Well, the joke's on you—I'm the wrong man!"



RASPUTIN'S DAUGHTER

Maria Rasputin, who recently made her Paris debut at the Cirque d'Hiver, drawing crowds to the daily performances. Her father, the sinister and powerful Russian monk, late and not lamented, has been graphically described as the "Holy Devil"



LOLA CALDER

Walter Bird

As one of the Sherman Fisher Girls, a troop of beautifully drilled and very decorative dancers, Miss Lola Calder contributes to the success of non-stop "Vaudeville" at the Vaudeville Theatre, where the theory that one good turn deserves another is constantly being put into practice

A prosperous farmer had gained the reputation of being the meanest man in his county, and consequently was not a favourite with his neighbours. He owned an old horse, which, to put it mildly, was very thin. As if to make up for the lack of flesh on its body, however, the animal had a head many sizes too large. One day he went to the expense of a new collar for the animal. A few minutes after the delivery he was back at the saddler's with the collar.

"You've made it too small," he blurted out. "I can't get it over his head!"

"Over his head!" replied the saddler. "Man alive, it wasn't made to go over his head. Back him into it!"



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MRS. A. C. CRITCHLEY AND HER CHILDREN, BRIAN AND DIANE—ALSO ONE "BRANDY"

The wife of the famous Vice-Chairman of the Greyhound Racing Association and its affiliated Companies, Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley. The expression "going to the dogs," has acquired an entirely different significance of recent years, and is nowadays quite a respectable and praiseworthy thing to do

THERE was one prouder man in England two days ago than the Lord Mayor, whose day is to-day, and that was the Master of the Quorn Hounds.

Sir Harold Nutting opened his first season as sole Master at the historic tryst, Kirby Gate, which is not much more than a couple of biscuit-shies or bowshots out of Melton, and there is no need to record that everyone in the Shires wishes him the best of luck. To take on the entire responsibility of a great hunt at a time like this, when difficulties are great and money is scarce, is no small undertaking. It is not only keeping alive a great establishment, but doing something much more, by giving employment and trade to a vast number of people and at the same time keeping up something which counts more than anything else, *morale*. It is also unnecessary to say anything to the hunting world about the qualifications of the present Master of the Quorn. He had the Meynell, 1920-29—the longest individual Mastership of that ancient pack, and he became Joint-Master of the Quorn with Major Algy Burnaby in 1930. There is something more to it in being Master of a pack of hounds than knowing what to do in the kennel and being able to get to your hounds when they are out of it, and this means something like personal magnetism. To succeed someone like Major Burnaby, who, I think, we ought to call the Chrysostom of the hunting field, for he had a way with him equalled by few and surpassed by none, not even by Hugo Meynell himself, if history (other than "Pomponius Ego's" brand) is any guide—was not easy. Major Burnaby had (and, of course, still has) the most marvellous "hands," and I believe anyone who

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

has had the felicity to hunt with him will know exactly what is meant. Sir Harold Nutting also has this priceless gift. He was a very great success while he was in the Meynell country, and the same thing has happened where the Quorn are concerned. And it is not everybody's dog! When he had the Meynell he and Peter Farrelly between them bred a really first-class pack of hounds, and at one time they all had a bit of that famous old Cheshire dog, Why Not, in them, a Peterborough champion, and, what was better, a real foxhound in the field. When he came to the Quorn, therefore, Sir Harold Nutting was fully imbued with "Captain Cuttle" wisdom where hound breeding was concerned—when you have found a good thing make a note on it. He found the kennel full of the good deeds of another Cheshire dog, that ugly old devil, Safeguard, a hound I was never able to like on his looks, but bound to admire upon what he did. Look at the Quorn kennel to-day, young

entry and all just chock-full of the Safeguard blood through Cruiser (a Peterborough champion), Bachelor, another Safeguard, Welkin, a bitch by Bachelor Banker, another Safeguard, and a host more. But the pack is by no means saturated with one strain, same as it was when Osbaldiston had 'em and could not draw a hound that was not a "Furrier." They have not got them bred too close as they had in Furrier's day, for they have such fine support as Old Berkshire Nogo (1924) and their Stormer (1923), both hounds I knew, Linlithgow and Sterling Chimer (1926), a descendant of their great hound Raider (1917), and L. and S. Driver (1923), and, what I think is as good as a bank-note, those Brocklesby hounds Aimwell (1924), Trojan (1926), Goodwood (1927), Student (1927), all of them with lines straight back to the historic hound Brocklesby Rallywood. At the moment I think that the Quorn young bitches look a bit extra. They have always been a bit super, and there is one litter out of Wonderful (1928), Mrs. Algy Burnaby's special favourite, which look very like the goods. I am certain that Sir Harold Nutting has got the ammunition, and no one knows much better than he does how to fire it. I have not been cubbing with them, but I was there for Kirby Gate.



Ledbetter

AT WETHERBY CHASES LAST WEEK

Miss Felicity Lane-Fox, Mrs. Edward Lane-Fox and Miss Prudence Lane-Fox. In the Bramham Moor Hunt country, in which Wetherby is, there are two names with which to conjure, Harewood and Lane-Fox, as the Mastership has never been out of these two families, and the tradition is still preserved, as Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles has taken 'em on from his brother, Lord Harewood

At a moment when we are hearing so much about the "doom of psychic bidding" at a game called "Contract," it is most opportune that a book called "Contract In A Nutshell," written by an erudite and valued friend of mine, Mr. Rudolph de Cordova, should make its appearance (Grayson; 2s. 6d., and worth double the money). There have been so many so-called motiveless murders. It

(Continued on page VIII)

Always popular
with the Natives



GUINNESS
is good for
OYSTERS

AIR EDDIES * By OLIVER STEWART

To Gyre or Gimble.

EVENTS likely to be the most momentous in the history of amateur flying are now in the offing. I am not yet at liberty to go into details; but I can say that these events have to do with the final solution of the problem of whether aviation and autogiration are contradictory or complementary terms. Will the private flyer of 1950 move through the air, as he does now, by penetration, like a nail driven into wood, or will he move by rotation, like a screw? Will he gyre or will he gimble? In less than a year I think that this question will be brought to an acute stage, and in less than three years it will probably be finally decided.

Ever since, at the invitation of Mr. H. E. Wimperis, Don Juan de la Cierva arrived in this country with three or four words of English and his autogiro, there have been two schools of thought about flying for amateurs; the rush-along, and the roundabout schools. Briefly, their claims may be summed up as follows: the fixed-wing school say that their aircraft are faster for a given expenditure of power; while the roundabout school say that their aircraft are more practical. The fixed-wing school ask why, in every flight, the wings should be made to travel much farther than the rest of the aircraft; and the roundabout school ask what is the use of a machine that must be brought in to land at a forward speed of a mile a minute.

The controversy cannot be carried far without full knowledge of what the two sides are now doing; but this can be said: that it is extremely doubtful if, five years from to-day, any aircraft intended for the private owner will be marketed that has not either rotating wings, or else fixed wings fitted with full automatic slots and flaps. The present smash-and-grab system of landing is doomed; and the private flyer of a few years hence will be offered a machine far simpler, far safer, and far more practical than anything he can buy to-day.

The Landing Problem.

For the landing problem is at last to be tackled—as all landing problems must eventually be tackled—in the air. It is not by grandiose plans for aerodromes covering the better part of London that the landing problem is going to be solved; but by producing aircraft that can be put down in small spaces such as can be made available without prohibitive charges in modern cities. The private flyer's aircraft of the future will make the best of both worlds; it will be able to fly fast and to fly slowly. It will demonstrate the inaccuracy of the saying that it is impossible to burn the candle at both ends.

Leading pilots are fully alive to the possibilities. Captain Duncan Davis, for instance, has been doing a good deal of flying in the autogiro, and so has Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jr. These two are as good judges as any of the trend of thought

among aeroplane owners. Mrs. Weir, who may be said to have more than a spectator's interest in the autogiro's future, and many other women, are flying the autogiro. It takes a "B" licence pilot only about ten minutes to go solo, and an "A" licence pilot only about 30 minutes. One pilot who is not far from seventy years old flies his autogiro regularly, and there is a gradually increasing number of autogiro owners.

Civil Training.

Major H. G. Travers, Chief Instructor of the London Aeroplane Club, gave a stimulating lecture on Civil Primary Training before the Royal Aeronautical Society the other day. One point which had especial force was his demand for better forward view from training aircraft, and his criticism of the forward view from existing machines. But I do not go with him to the extent of agreeing that the pusher is the best type for this work. I did a good deal of flying in pusher scouts, including the F.E.8, the D.H.2, and the Vickers single-seater pusher scout with Mono-soupape engine. I also did a number of hours in F.E.2bs, the Vickers two-seater pusher, and such unusual craft as the N.E., which was designed expressly for night work, and the Vampire. But although I always appreciated the good outlook forward, I never enjoyed the idea of forced landings in these machines. It may be, as Major Travers says, that the engine in fact rarely comes forward and hits the pilot in the small of the back if he makes a bad landing; but statistical evidence would be needed before many people could be convinced. And the loss of performance inseparable from single-engined pusher construction is much more serious, even for amateur flyers, than many people seem to think.

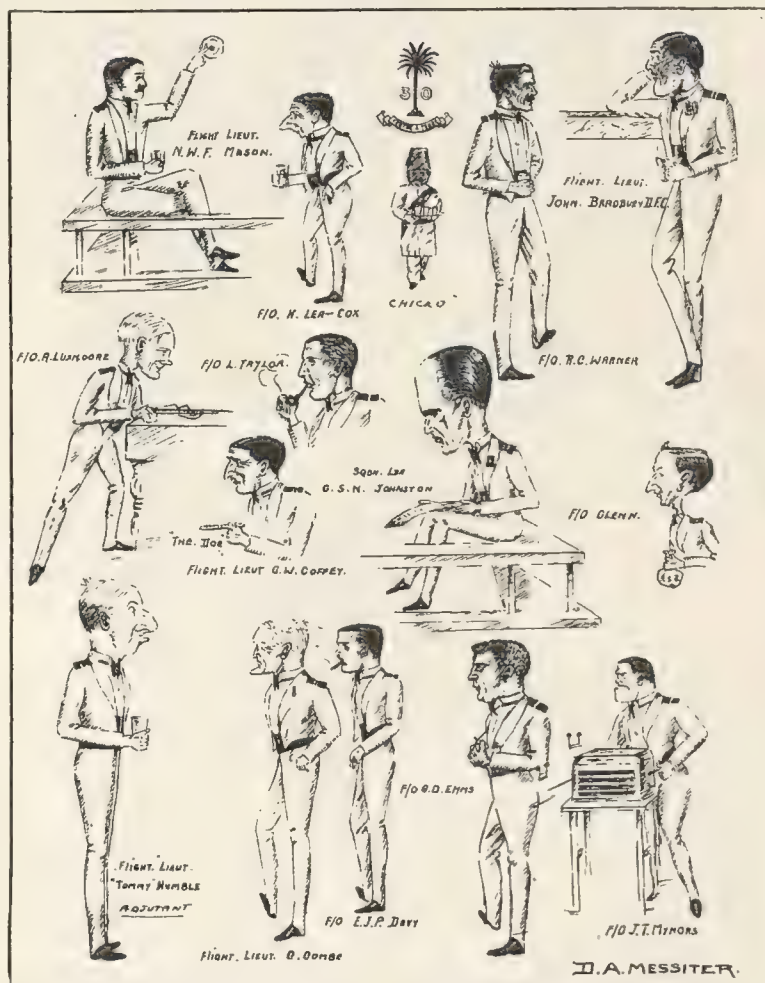
Major Travers produced some useful information and ideas upon the cost of training—and, incidentally, also the admirable word "hangarage"—and suggested that, for the airworthiness of certain types of training aircraft, not Farnborough, but

Lloyd's, might be held responsible, with resultant reduced costs. "To be really popular," said Major Travers, "training costs must come down from about £45 (unsubsidised) to £10 per head." Throughout the lecture there were sound practical proposals and apposite criticisms.

The Paris Show.

Any excuse for going to Paris is a good excuse; and none better than that provided by the Paris Aero Show, which opens on the 18th November. Although British constructors, by taking the initiative this year in organising the world's first trade flying display at Hendon, have diminished the importance of purely static exhibition, they will be well represented in Paris. One famous firm has a last-minute surprise for the Paris show which is likely to

(Continued on page xx)



FEATURES OF NO. 30 SQUADRON, R.A.F.

Some entertaining impressions of flying faces at Mosul. No. 30 Squadron, Royal Air Force, which took an active part in the recent operations in Kurdistan, has a distinguished and unique record, having been stationed in Iraq—the latest recruit to Geneva—for seventeen eventful years. It fought against the Turks at Kut and till the end of the war, and subsequently against the Bolsheviks in N.W. Persia. "Ventre à Terre" is its paradoxical motto!

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

NOVEMBER, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 11th | Racing. Liverpool and Windsor Meetings.
Badminton. West Hants Championships, Bournemouth. | 16th | Racing. Derby, Catterick and Cheltenham Steeplechases.
Rugby. Surrey v Kent, Richmond.
Sussex v. Eastern Counties, Brighton. |
| 12th | Racing. Liverpool, Windsor and Leopardstown Meetings.
Rugby. Richmond v Harlequins, Richmond.
Devon v. Cornwall, Devonport.
Assoc. Football. Qualifying Competition 4th Round, F.A. Cup.
2nd Round Welsh Amateur Cup.
Hockey. Teddington v. Richmond, Bushey Park.
Blackheath v. St. Albans, St. Albans.
Wimbledon v R.A.F., Wimbledon.
Badminton. West Hants Championships, Bournemouth. | 17th | Racing. Derby, Catterick and Cheltenham Steeplechases.
Shows. Norwich Fat Stock, Norwich.
Boxing. E Division Metropolitan Police, Stadium Club. |
| 14th | Racing. Leicester Meeting.
Old Custom. Hiring Fair, Aberystwyth.
Boxing. Lynn A.C., Manor Place Baths.
Squash Rackets. Army Championship Competitions, London.
Badminton. South of England Championships, Crystal Palace. | 18th | Racing. Derby, Chepstow Steeplechases.
Shows. Norwich Fat Stock, Norwich. |
| 15th | Racing. Leicester.
Boxing. Polytechnic B.C., Stadium Club.
Shows. International Poultry, Pigeon and Rabbit Show, Crystal Palace. | 19th | Racing. Lingfield Park, Chepstow Steeplechases.
Rugby. Harlequins v. Oxford University, Twickenham.
Northampton v. Coventry, Northampton.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. R.E., Aldershot.
Southgate v. Bromley, Bromley.
Richmond v. Oxford University, Richmond.
Shows. Norwich Fat Stock, Norwich.
Assoc. Football. Wales v. England—in Wales. |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

One-Hand Driving.

THAT man is well guided who consistently refrains from making bets, or even assertions, about things that are habitual, for "second nature" is a deucedly deceptive thing. Mister Sherlock Holmes reproached Dr. Watson for not knowing the number of steps that led from Baker Street to their rooms, but I expect the truth is he would equally accuse ninety-nine-point-five per cent. of us of the same inability to observe the things to which we have become accustomed. Some years ago I had a short, sharp lesson which made some reduction in my cocksureness. It was not a great affair, but just enough to sting. The talk came round to razors and shaving (I have since thought that it was scientifically steered in that direction). Be that as it may, I took a wager that I got all the bristles off my ugly face in less than fifty strokes. Well, next morning I was telephoning to mine enemy so early to send round and collect the money, that I left much lather on the instrument. So when, the other night, the lads of the village were having a controversy about "one-hand driving," and getting very confident and warm about it, I kept my usually wagging tongue between my chafers, because I surmised that it could not be long before the innocent little bets were flying about. Now, in the previous transaction I had privately gone, as I thought, through the motions of shaving. On this occasion, whilst I was quite sure in my own mind that I did most of my driving one-handed, and forced myself into the imagination that I was at the wheel, I couldn't be quite certain until I had put the matter to the test. The result was quite illuminating. It showed me that I was definitely a two-handed driver, and also that every other driver (who can boast two hands) must be a two-handed merchant also. I really was quite surprised to find that, normally, I held the wheel lightly in both hands, "paying" its rim from the left to the right when taking a left corner or bend, and *vice versa*. Of course, I am one-handed, in the sense that on my Armstrong I can steer, and change gear, whilst I am adjusting the seat, or sliding the roof, or opening the window, or lighting a cigarette, but even with the ordinary old-fashioned gear-box my second hand (if you gather my meaning) would be off the wheel only for an instant or two. Why, even that gay spark who was fined the other day for driving with a girl across his lap swore in court that he had both hands on the wheel. So far as I can see, reversing is about the



A GRENADIER GUARDS' REUNION

A group taken when members of the Shropshire branch of the Grenadier Guards' Old Comrades' Association held their annual dinner on October 29 at the Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury

Left to right: In front—Mr. J. S. Fowler and Mr. Polson (hon. secretaries). Seated—Major-General C. J. C. Grant, Major-General Lord Loch, Colonel Ralph Leake (president), Major-General Sir John Headlam, and Colonel G. E. C. Rasch. Standing—Mr. E. Plimmer, Captain Algy Heber-Percy, Major J. Becke, Rev. — Rentre, Major Jack Lloyd, Captain Sir Offley Wakeman, Major J. M. West, and Major T. Dix-Perkin. Major-General Grant and Sir John Headlam were the principal guests; the former, who is a Coldstreamer, is G.O.C. Welsh Area, and Sir John Headlam is Commandant of the Royal Regiment of Artillery

Truman Howell

curiously enough, I was being driven by a man of quite a number of years of experience. At last it got beyond all bearing. "Good God, man," I spluttered, "can't you sit still and pass the wheel through your hands instead of trying to climb, like a monkey, round the edge of it?" Do you know what his pathetic reply was? "Shut up! I hate to be talked to in traffic." Down that great broad highway, wide enough for five cars abreast, and at a distance of about three hundred yards, a mean little builder's handcart stood against the kerb. That was all the traffic I could discern within scope of naked eye. Oh, yes, we missed it, but only just. Now this chap, excellent in other respects, I would call the world's second worst driver. Within a few miles he had brought me to the point of being physically sick with funk. Thus, if we had a driving proficiency test, and I were an inspector (cushy job!), I should turn this fellow down finally and beyond appeal inside two minutes. Yet he has done an enormous mileage, and he is totally ignorant of what a police court looks like from the inside. As I explained to him, he was lucky in that his victims, being left behind, were invisible. True, oh true, he had never hit anything in his life, and yet the chaos that he must have caused at one time or another would, in the words of the immortal Uncle Joseph, "beggar language." Still, I think I did just get under his skin when I asked him how many steering wheels had come to pieces in his hands. "They make them so brittle nowadays," I said.

* * *

Sounds Good.

One of the cars of medium power which I am much looking forward to trying, for I hear very good accounts of it, is the new A. J. S. Twelve, a very much improved and enlarged model. The four-door special

(Continued on p. xviii)



THE MAN WHO MADE THIRTEEN UNLUCKY FOR BRADMAN

Verity, the famous Yorkshire bowler, whose feat in getting the redoubtable Don dismissed twice over for a total of thirteen runs, has considerably raised England's hopes of regaining the Ashes

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

The finishing touch

A finishing touch that may determine the player's success.

BP was extremely successful in its own time; but the addition of a small quantity of anti-knock fluid (a few drops of tetra-ethyl-lead) has enabled it to break its previous record. This new record has been made by BP PLUS, good petrol with a little extra something.



barboxa

PLUS A LITTLE SOMETHING SOME OTHERS HAVEN'T GOT

NUMBER 33

By ELEANOR ELSNER

THE man glanced sharply at the woman sitting opposite him. "Have you any objection to taking on this job, Number 33?" he asked. "Tell me so at once if you have."

"Of course not," she said quickly. "Why should I have?"

"Well, you seemed to hesitate, and I've never seen you do that before."

"I've worked under you for seven years; you ought to know me better than that," she said. "As a matter of fact I'm very glad to be sent to the south just at this moment. I have a friend in Genoa who is very anxious to see me about an important private affair of her own, and I had been thinking it would be impossible for me to get off and go to her, even for a flying visit. I suppose I was struck with wonder at the luck of being sent to the very place I wanted to go to for a few days, and my thoughts wandered for an instant."

"Oh, well, that's natural," he said. "You'll have plenty of time to see your friend. I daresay you'll be in Italy two or three weeks at least, and the more social friends you see the more attention will be drawn from your special work. You have all the facts—you know exactly what you have to find out?"

"Yes, I think I've got it all," she said. "You think you've traced the chief drug receiver of this special Mediterranean gang to some man in Italy who is known by an English nickname, and who has some business there concerning exports or shipping—a business man in short—but you don't know his real name, you don't know what his export business is, and you don't know just where about in Italy he operates."

"Well, it *must* be a port. Naples or Genoa almost certainly, and as Naples is so closely watched, I expect it's Genoa. Of course, it might easily be a smaller port, but a big export business would be from one of those two places. I think you'd better concentrate on Genoa first. Number 27 is there now, and will tell you more details. I have instructed him to show you the dossier he has of people who may be connected. You need not hurry; I shan't expect you back under a month. Good luck!"

It was in the train, rushing down to Genoa, that the doubt assailed her again; and what was it, she wondered. To be sent to the very place she wanted to go to, to be able to go to Jocelyn just when she so desperately needed her advice, she ought to be overjoyed, and yet, somehow, she wasn't!

"I must be mad," she thought to herself. "I suppose it's the amazing luck of being sent, for once, to the very place I wanted to go to that has just startled me. I wonder what Jocelyn wants me so urgently for?"

What her friend wanted her for was evident immediately they met. Jocelyn was radiant, more beautiful than ever, brimming over with vitality and joy.

"Good heavens, I thought you were in trouble, that you needed me so desperately—you look on the top of life."

"Oh, Nell," Jocelyn said, kissing her, "I'm amazingly happy. I *am* on the top of life, if only I can stay there. I've met the real man for me, and he loves me and I adore him. We are to be married almost at once, but, but . . ."

"Another love affair?" Nell smiled, but Jocelyn looked serious.

"No, not that at all, the real thing this time. My sole chance of happiness in life depends on it—if only I haven't spoilt it beforehand! But I'll tell you all about it after dinner—I'm taking you to my own flat. You can give me to-night, can't you? You need not begin your own work till to-morrow? I *must* tell you—you *must* help me!"

"Yes, I can give you to-night and lots of time later, too, I think. I may be in Italy some weeks."

Jocelyn's face fell, and her friend looked at her in wonder. "Aren't you glad? Don't you want me to stay?"

"No words can tell how glad I am to see you, but I want you to do something for me in England—oh, never mind, I can tell you after dinner."

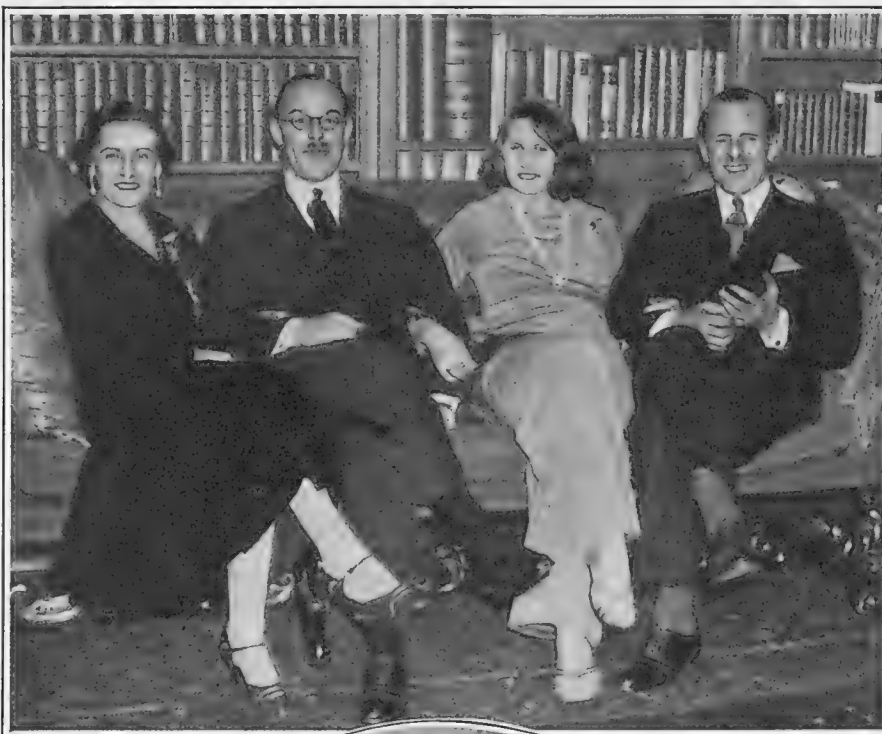
But after dinner it was the man they talked about, for Nell was keen to hear and Jocelyn was wild to talk.

"Nell, you know I've been desperately in love before . . ."

"Certainly, I know. How many scrapes have I not helped you out of," Nell answered dryly. "Is there another for me to clear up?"

"Oh, don't be sarcastic and hard at once. I know I've been wild and done mad things, but

(Continued on p. xiv)



THE HON. MRS.
LORD AND LADY
CAPTAIN IAN

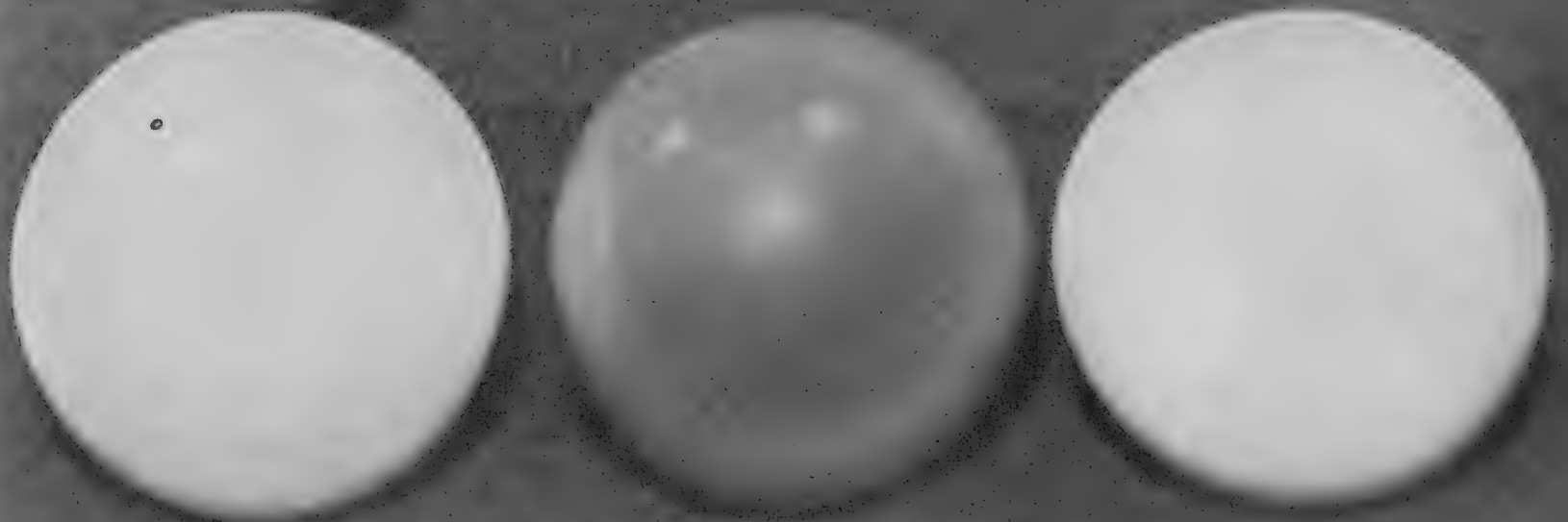
IAN MACALPINE,
MELCHETT, AND
MACALPINE



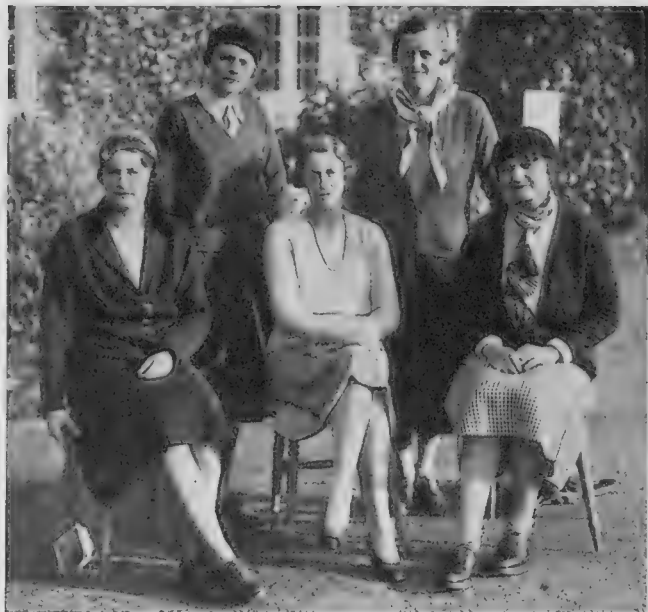
"HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!"

Captain Lawson-Johnston and Lord Hindlip toasting their joint success in the estate agency business which they have embarked on together. This snapshot and the one above were taken at the cocktail party given by Lord and Lady Melchett to celebrate the second anniversary of the marriage of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Macalpine. The latter is Lord Bethell's eldest daughter

*After model appears
with Johnnie Walker*



THE SPOT THAT'S NEVER BARRED



The Addington team, winners of the "Star" inter-club scratch tournament at Wentworth. Standing—Miss Regnart and Mrs. P. Hill. Sitting—Mrs. Douglas Fish, Miss D. Pim, and Mrs. H. Guedalla

THE golfing season dies a little harder each year. "The Star" finals used to be the very last word in audacity, but this year Miss Molly Gourlay and Mrs. Crompton were so bold as to arrange a match between teams (nominally South v. Midlands) for November 1, and to stage it at that most airy of all spots, Beau Desert, up on the moors above Rugeley. It was a splendid idea and a splendid match; people in those parts get all too few chances of seeing the best golf, and a very great many of them came to watch. They were not disappointed. Morning foursomes left matters all square, Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Hickman (Miss Kitty Beard) keeping much too straight a path for Miss Fishwick and Miss Gourlay whom they beat 3 and 1, and Miss Fieldhouse and Miss Fyshe winning by the same from Miss Garnham and Miss Pim. The match of the day was the afternoon single between Miss Wilson and Miss Fishwick, and it was an

extremely fine performance of Miss Fishwick's to win 2 and 1. Miss Wilson can hardly have been going out for length, as she was consistently outdriven by Miss Fishwick, but at least she must have been trying hard to put the irons close to the pin, and that was where Miss Fishwick held and outshone her on the homeward journey. Out in 39 Miss Wilson turned 3 up, but then the southerner attacked grandly, was 1 up at the 14th, and finally put a magnificent iron second stone dead to win 17th and match in 3 to 5. A feather in

Miss Fishwick's cap; that which will be blown out only by something rather super in the way of a gale. Addington make a habit of monopolising honours in "The Star" finals. They won the original trophy outright, and looked very much like carrying off the next edition as well when Royal Mid-Surrey mercifully put a spoke in their



Semi-finalists at Wentworth: The Sunningdale team. Standing—Mrs. Dudley Charles and Mrs. Kelway Bamber. Sitting—Mrs. J. Fleming, Mrs. Atherton, and Mrs. R. O. Porter



More "Star" semi-finalists: The Burhill team. Standing—Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Miss Livingstone. Sitting—Miss Horrocks, Mrs. R. F. Potter, and Miss J. Hill

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

which Miss Stringer and Mr. Anthony Spalding run so inimitably, give some of the very best team golf of the whole year, and the finals one of the pleasantest days. When there are only five in a team every player feels as if the whole burden of responsibility (and therefore, also of praise) is hers, and the mental arithmetic of spectators is not strained in reckoning up the state of the poll at any critical moment. Even the scanty daylight of late October is sufficient.

After a miserably wet start the day turned out beautiful. Wentworth was a vision of burnished beech and bronze bracken, and though the sun was not strong enough to make it exactly warm, it did make things thoroughly delightful for



Roehampton, represented by (standing) Mrs. R. Harker and Mrs. Hicks (sitting), Mrs. Clemens, Miss M. White, and Miss Hutchinson, were runners-up to Addington in the "Star" finals

everybody. In the morning, too, there were some really first-class thrills, for whatever 4 to 1 in each case may sound like, Roehampton's 4 were mostly pulled out of the fire; Addington's four, or at all events two of them (which would have been quite sufficient) looked at one time very much like falling into it. If Mrs. Bamber, whispered Sunningdale, had not taken three putts on the last green and Mrs. Dudley Charles suddenly lapsed from grace and a good lead against Miss Regnart! We all know what would happen if wishes were horses, and when it came to the final Addington showed that they were going to give the fire a very wide berth. Mrs. Guedalla had very hard work to do that, for Miss Marjorie White played exceedingly well and only just went to pieces on the greens in time for Mrs. Guedalla to win by 2 and 1. But Miss Pim beat Miss Haines Hutchinson 5 and 4; Mrs. Fish beat Mrs. Clemens 5 and 3; Mrs. P. Hill beat Mrs. Rowand-Harker 4 and 3; and Miss Regnart completed the story with a 5 and 4 win from Mrs. Hicks.

Northwood were just as decisive in the finals of the Pearson Trophy, which were played at St. George's Hill on the same day, for they beat the holders, Eltham Warren, 6 to 1 in the final. It seemed a little hard on the Northwood team that they could not be playing in their own annual open meeting, which was on the same day, in aid of the Mount Vernon Hospital. The ladies had no luck against the men, for in spite of the

(Continued on p. xx)

A LOVELIER YOU — if your Toilet Preparations are bought at **BOOTS** !

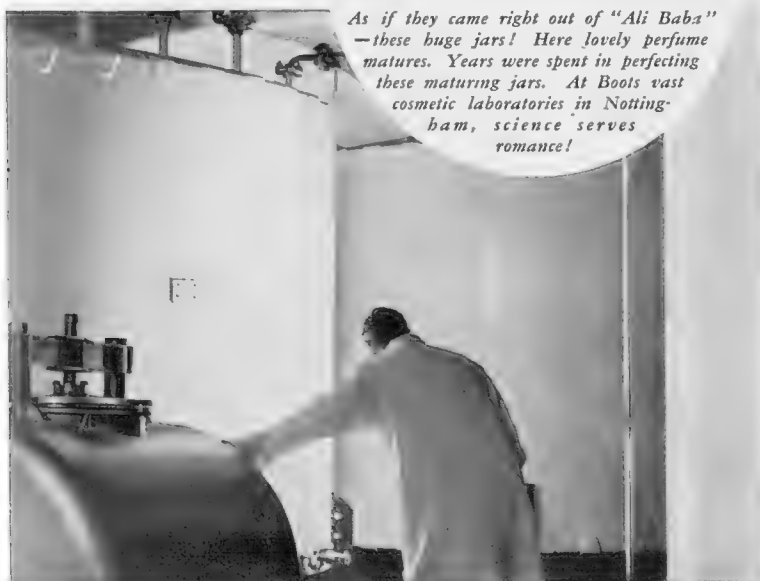
PURITY SO IMPORTANT. BOOTS TEST FOR PURITY !

Amazing—the number of tests one box of Boots face powder represents ! *Every ingredient* is tested and re-tested for *purity* like hospital medicines. What a lot Boots beauty preparations would cost if they were made in small quantities—but tremendous sales mean you can buy them at just ordinary prices !



A maid's way with a man from the dawn of history has always included the use of a lovely perfume. What more magic way to turn his mood to romance than this faint, exquisite hint of perfume upon the velvet curve of a soft cheek ?

Face Powder with enchanting fragrance



As if they came right out of "Ali Baba"—these huge jars! Here lovely perfume matures. Years were spent in perfecting these maturing jars. At Boots vast cosmetic laboratories in Nottingham, science serves romance!

TRY THESE SPECIAL LINES TODAY

Genuine Eau-de-Cologne

Imperial Pint 1/9
Also in 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles at 6d. and 10½d.

Lavender Water

Imperial Pint 1/9
Also in 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles at 6d. and 10½d.

Delightful for the bath; for washing and freshening the face, or as an astringent after shaving; and sprayed for freshening rooms. Amazingly inexpensive.

Boots Cleansing Cold Cream for Massage

Jars 6d. and 1/-
Tubes 6d.

Boots Cleansing Skin Tonic 1/-

Boots Cleansing Cold Cream Soap 4d.

YOU WANT WHAT YOU WANT. BOOTS HAVE IT !

If the toilet preparation you want is to be found in your town at all—Boots have it. No wider selection in sizes, shades, varieties is offered anywhere else. Don't waste energy walking from shop to shop... don't waste time waiting to be served... don't waste patience refusing substitutes... Go to your nearest Boots shop... Boots have it !

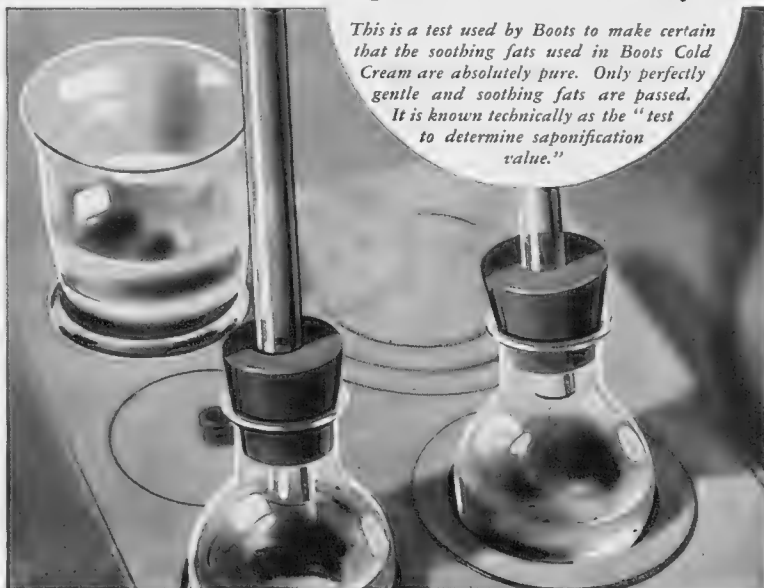
FRESH COSMETICS BEST. ALWAYS FRESH AT BOOTS !

Stale toilet preparations—which have stood on shelves month after month—cannot be as good as fresh cosmetics. Face powders can lose their delicate fragrance ! Many perfumes deteriorate ! Lipsticks become hard—"go on" unnaturally, break easily ! But at Boots you can always be sure of fresh cosmetics. Quick turnover—enormous sales—mean that Boots shelves are rapidly being refilled with fresh toilet supplies.



Only a perfectly soothed skin can look its best ! And at just one time of the day you can give skin soothing care—when you smooth in your cold cream ! Boots Cold Cream is anti-septic, soothing—especially pure and gentle.

Soothing Cold Cream for you



This is a test used by Boots to make certain that the soothing fats used in Boots Cold Cream are absolutely pure. Only perfectly gentle and soothing fats are passed. It is known technically as the "test to determine saponification value."

CHRISTMAS only 6 weeks away
GREATER VALUE AT LESS
COST IN GIFTS AT BOOTS

The Boots Chemists

TOILET SPECIALISTS

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

VERY different from the hideously attired "Children in Uniform" are the gay young ladies of the "Chateau Violette" finishing school at Drury Lane. The setting of this gay musical comedy, "White Violets," is a girls' pensionnat in Switzerland in the year 1900, and the plot revolves round their light-hearted intrigues with the students of the University. The dresses are delightful. The "Sports Girls of 1900" are most amusing with their long sweeping skirts, stiff blouses, and rakish-looking "boaters" perched high on their heads. For cycling they wear velvet jackets with huge leg-o'-mutton sleeves and cloth skirts trimmed with rows of braid.

The evening dresses of the girls might well inspire a present-day débutante. Adele Dixon, the leader of the school, wears a Princess frock of shot pink taffeta with an accordion-pleated underskirt and a cape decorated with flower posies and garlands. Cecile Benson, in the same scene, has a tight overdress of green velvet embroidered with yellow irises over a billowing underskirt of accordion-pleated chiffon. Light blue military jackets are worn with dark blue trousers by some of the young skating enthusiasts.

THERE are ten reasons why Marcus, 33, Kensington High Street, W., is having a sale, among them being the indisputable fact that the values now offered are extraordinary even according to this artist in fur's standard. The other reasons will be found in the illustrated catalogue which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. The lovely Persian lamb as well as the squirrel coat on this page have been designed and carried out by Marcus. As will be seen they are perfectly tailored and the working of the skins is by no means the least of their many attractions. Every garment is made in his own workrooms by British craftsmen.

Attention must be drawn to the furmodising process which restores the lustre of the old fur coat or tie and transforms the same into an affair that represents the very last syllable in the story of fashion. Now turning from generalities to details, there are mink marmot coats for 8½ guineas, usual price 14 guineas; and there are black and brown pony skin models for the same price. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that there are white lapin coatees for evening wear for 45s.



Models, Marcus

Pictures by Blake

HARVEY NICHOLS

announce an important
MID-SEASON EVENT

for One Week Only

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November 7th-12th

**ALL THEIR
ORIGINAL
MODELS**

(by leading French Designers including Lucile Paray, Maggy Rouff, Martial et Armand, Mainbocher, Lucien Lelong, Jeanne Lanvin, etc.)

**WILL BE OFFERED
AT EXACTLY
HALF - PRICE**

In addition, Harvey Nichols are making Special Offers in all their Fashion Departments, and during this week the most exclusive COATS, GOWNS, COSTUMES, ENSEMBLES, HATS, FURS, and SPORTSWEAR will be available at

SPECIAL PRICES



ORIGINAL Model Gown by Madeleine Vionnet, in ice-blue satin, cut on classic lines with a cross-over corsage and new wide shoulder. The deep V-back is adjusted by long ends, which may be swathed round the waist or tied in a soft bow.

Original Price 25 gns.

HALF PRICE 12½ gns.

(Left)

ORIGINAL Model Gown by Marthe et René, in turquoise-and-gold tinsel lace over heavy crepe-de-chine. Beautifully cut and moulded to the figure, the gown has a cowl back décolletage; softly tinted flowers are posed at the waist.

Original Price 25 gns.

HALF PRICE 12½ gns.

(Model Gown Salon)

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD.,

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1.

FASHIONS FOR WINTER CRUISES

FASHIONS that will travel on many seas where the sun is shining are being considered at the moment, for after all is said and done there is nothing that has a greater fascination than cruising; it encourages wanderlust and banishes monotony. Clothes are very important, and in them Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, are specializing; naturally they have not neglected modes for the winter sports enthusiasts. This season they have introduced man-tailored trousers of proofed grey flannel with zyp pockets on hips, accompanied by striped flannel shirts

WHITE relieved with colour is very smart when cruising, and Lillywhites, Piccadilly, are making a feature of frocks in which this idea is present. An example of it may be seen in the dress on the left; it is expressed in a new white fancy wool fabric brightened with blue. An important feature of it is that it can be slipped on in the fraction of a second, and below the normal waistline is fastened with buttons; it is to be regretted that it was not possible to give a sketch of the short white coat which completes the scheme. Pyjamas (a study in orange and brown) occupy the centre of the page—they consist of trousers, jumper, and coat; the half diamond motif of the coat suggests that it is part of the trousers, but it is not. As the sun is not for ever shining when cruising, a wrap coat is portrayed; the material has a knitting needle striped weave



Ella
Fulton

Illustration of
"CHARMAZON"
Step-in Belt
in "Vellastic"
Sizes 23-30 (waist)
No. 296 price 49/6
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Like a second skin, but a skin imbued with a purpose. A skin of an exquisite new texture—"Vellastic"! A skin shaped with the most consummate skill to harmonise rebellious curves and blend them into the flowing slenderlines every woman desires! A "youth-i-fying" skin which makes aging figures young again! "Stand, stoop or sit, the more you bend the better they fit." Made in Britain for the discerning few

Charmazon

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TAILORED

THERE is always something different and something desirable in the domain of pyjamas to be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. They are responsible for the models pictured. Those on the left below are destined for day-time wear and are expressed in a brown wool material accompanied by a green jumper; they are available in other colour schemes



PYJAMAS

THE evening pyjamas on the right below are carried out in black satin, the shirt being of white satin; note the buttons and tie, as well as the cuffs. The pyjamas that accompany the coatee on the left are quite simple affairs and may well be prefixed by the word "night," and the coatee by the word "breakfast." Although decorative it is really ultra practical



Models, Harvey Nichols

Pictures by Blake

The Charm of ... Velvet for Evening Wear

The new
Décolletage
in Evening
Gowns

MODELS
by
Debenhams

As
illustration.

SMART Even-
ing Gown in
rich quality velvet,
moulded hip line
and attractive de-
collete back. In
black and a few
colours, several
sizes.

10 $\frac{1}{2}$

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Model Gown Department.

Catalogue
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CHEPSTOW PLACE • W.2

BAYswater 1200

Distinctive
KNITWEAR
for the
Autumn.

ASTON.

The smart Knitted Frock on left is one of a collection which Bradleys are now showing. It is in the new check design, and buttons high to the neck; can be worn open, if desired, to show facings of beige hand-crochet trimming to match scarf. Finished with attractive shell buttons.

Sizes: 36, 38,
40, 42.

4 Gns.

In beige/brown, beige/navy,
beige/green, grey/black,
saxe/navy.



Suits in the same check as illustration are now being shown, also a selection of Woollen Jumpers, including many in Hand-made Irish Crochet. Inexpensive Velvet Coatees from 49/6 are a feature of this Department.

Illustrated Catalogue
will be sent upon
request.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place L²
London, W.2.

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

(Continued from p. 226)

two masks at the end of the day. Friday, Wigginton Heath, more golf balls than foxes, but with the vigorous help of the caddie master and his minions, one cub was caught. Then to Swalcliffe Common and it was a delight to see the old customer go away like a dart at the first sound of hounds.

An outlier by Gulliver's gave us three fields and a jump or two which lit up the hopeful field. Then into and away from Framlingham Gorse, a quickish ring, and back again to ground there.

A resounding "rattle and crash of rails" and Chadshunt's lady visitor on the floor, the gallant old black, I think, somewhat astonished at being rammed at such a fence so early on.

From the Cheshire

Last week's fixtures all pointed in the direction of sport in the open. Wednesday, from Brindley Ley, however, mostly consisted of galloping between Ridley, Chesterton, Bath Wood, and the Ash House. Hounds completed the outer and inner circle twice, and accounted for their fox near the Ash House, giving time for more than one Tox Watson to pick up his allotment.

Friday, from Wilkesley, showed us we are not likely to be short of foxes or farmers' support in that country, all the Master's gift horses being out.

Saturday was a typical Saughton day, hounds nevertheless accounting for two-and-a-half brace, and what a debt of thanks we owe the Duke for the joy of riding over a country completely void of wire. So ends the cubbing season, and we hope our two guests of last week, Mrs. Mike Wellesley-Wesley and Chris Naylor-Leyland—who both look and are the part—will visit us again.

From the Heythrop

In the difficult times we are passing through, all want their pound of flesh. They certainly should not be disappointed this week, as eight foxes have been eaten, which should be enough to prevent us joining the hunger marchers just at present. However, the foxes were not alone in having the wind up, as it had been a week of foul storms of wind and rain, and the country is still very deep and very blind; consequently, the ditches took a heavy toll on Monday, and in the case

of one victim we were glad to see there was no Pain to the Galway. In fact, the stonewall country is much the safest place at present, as jumping a blind stone wall is just about as impossible as milking a ram—it can't be done. The opening meet was on Monday, November 7, and we were all eager for the fray, as the laundry-maid said when she handled the washing.

From the York and Ainsty

By a curious coincidence the North and South packs both met at the extreme north end of the country on Saturday, October 29, at Fawdington and Thirkleby respectively, and the former had a particularly good day with a four-mile point and the latter quite a fair one.

As regards the Northerners, Lord Mountgarret is hunting hounds himself this season with Goodall as first whipper-in and kennel-huntsman.

The South pack held their opening meeting on Tuesday, November 1, at Poppleton Green, and the day, though not sensational, was really great fun, with any amount of galloping and jumping. Various ladies and gents were unseated and many people's horses had had "jam satis" or quite enough by 2 o'clock. The Askham and Rufforth country seemed remarkably free from wire. The Colonel from the Holderness honoured us with a visit.

From Lincolnshire

Of the five Lincolnshire packs all but one (the Southwold) are now carried on by single Masterships, and this is a happy position when we consider that dual control is the fashion to-day. Most of them have issued their customary appeal—in view of the commencement of hunting proper—urging their followers to exercise the greatest care in crossing the land of the farmer. And, after all, agriculture and hunting go hand-in-hand, for the farmer carries the golden key of hunting and goodwill. So long as gates are closed to prevent straying stock, and everything is done to obviate unnecessary damage, all will be well. In spite of the depression we still see the farmer a friend to hunting in every possible shape and form, and we still see many of them showing the way over the fences of their own land. In observing these obligations, therefore, only a little thought and care was necessary and it is comforting to recall that "a good cause is never lost."

A feature of the final week's cubbing has been the increased number of ladies who now follow the chase, and it is no exaggeration to say that amongst those out with at least, one county pack, the fair sex predominated.



A FAMOUS HUNTING HOUSE

Messrs. Allports of Birmingham are now amalgamated with Messrs. Pope and Bradley of Old Bond Street.

This famous firm of hunting and sporting tailors—founded in 1793—was acquired by Mr. H. Dennis Bradley and Mr. Anthony Bradley in the early part of the year.

Pope and Bradley lead the fashions in the West End for lounge suits and dress clothes, and the introduction of our London cutters and workhands to

Birmingham has brought Allports into closer touch with the West-End. On the other hand, Allports have, on their staff, breeches makers who are without parallel certainly we know of none in London who are better. A family who for generations have been masters of this craft, and who have handed down the tradition. All Pope and Bradley's breeches are now made in Birmingham—which is a tribute, for we have the cream of London to choose from.

The minimum prices are the same at both houses: Hunting Frock and Cutaway, twelve guineas. Dress, thirteen guineas. Breeches and Jodhpurs, six guineas. Lounge Suits from ten guineas. Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas. Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

POPE AND BRADLEY,

Civil, Naval and Military Tailors,
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BY APPOINTMENT

TO H.M. THE KING



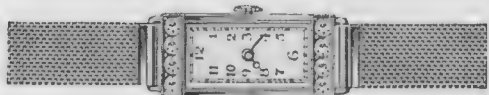
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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 250

never seems to have dawned upon even the most agile brain in the Flying Squad that this game Contract, and even ordinary Bridge, may be the root causes of many a mysterious and murky assassination. For myself I am quite convinced that the malfeasances of some persons who have been partners of other persons at Contract, and have done either a bit of psychic bidding, or any other bidding not recognized by the more or less well-founded rules of this attractive game, have been the reason why they have come by an uncomfortable and possibly untimely end—drowning, arsenic, a dent on the head with an axe—anything like that. It is, as I am ready to believe, with the philanthropic object of reducing the number of this class of case that Mr. de Cordova has written this book. It may accomplish its object or it may not, but the author has done his best, and if all would-be experts at Contract fail to read it and learn it by heart, the funeral—this word is written with deliberation (*vide* preceding remarks *in re* so-called motiveless crime)—will be theirs. Whether you can ever learn how to do anything by reading a book—fighting, flirting, horse-back riding, dancing, drinking, deportment, or such like—I have always doubted, but if it is possible Rudolph de Cordova will do it for you in his little volume.

A studious correspondent who is obviously interested in the Dalai Lama, whom I saw frequently after the Tibet show of 1904, says that he thinks I must be a bit "unkind" in my description of His Holiness' personal appearance. I said he was badly marked with small-pox, rather insignificant, and so forth. So he is. My unknown friend writes:

You may remember that Sir Charles Bell looked after the Dalai Lama when he fled to India in 1912, and in 1920 went to Lhasa as his personal guest and stayed there a year, longer

than any other foreigner had ever stayed. It was on that occasion that he obtained permission for the Everest expeditions. This is how Sir Charles describes him: "The present Dalai Lama has a somewhat dark complexion, which is pitted, but not very deeply, with the marks of small-pox. His form and features reflect his humble origin, but he moves and speaks with the natural dignity inherent in his race, which is still further emphasized by the high position to which he has been called. His moustache, high eyebrows, and keen, watchful eyes accentuate the impression of worldly cares, so that one who knew him but slightly would be apt to underrate his spirituality. In actual fact he is in some ways more strict in his devotions than even the Tashi Lama. The quick

deprecatory smile that lights up his features when he speaks, and his courtesy, which never failed, even when receiving unwelcome letters from our Government, could not but impress those who conversed with him. His ears are large but well set, his nose small and slightly aquiline, his hands neat and small. His eyes are a dark shade of brown and prominent. During my stay in Lhasa they were very watery; this condition is considered as one of the signs of Buddhahood. He is about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and thus somewhat below the Tibetan average." This description is taken from "Tibet Past and Present," which was dedicated by the author to the Dalai Lama. The frontispiece is a photograph of His Holiness taken by Sir Charles and presented to him by the God-king. It is sealed with the "Inmost Seal" and the signature runs, "In accordance with the Precepts of the Lord Buddha the Great Dalai Lama, Unchangeable, Holder of the Thunderbolt, the Thirteenth in the line of Victory and Power."

Even this does not read like the description of an amazingly pretty gentleman to me, and therefore I stand to my guns. Some of the venerable old gentlemen in yellow robes who came to the pow-wow with Sir Francis Younghusband at Gyantse were rather nice-looking. They were the representatives of the three big monasteries in Lhasa and came to tell the Tibet Mission and the little army to go back home again. The army declined, and the big jong or fort of Gyantse, which looked as big as Gibraltar, was attacked and stormed.



WHEN THE CHESHIRE WERE AT WAVERTON

Mr. W. H. Midwood, M.F.H. (right) has a word with Colonel A. M. Wilson. Mr. Midwood, who won the Grand National two years ago with Shaun Goilin, has been Master of the Cheshire since 1923, and is carrying on this season

Truman Howe.



The
"REFRESHER"
in the
"CASE"!



★ ★ ★
THREE STAR
SPECIAL RESERVE
Scotland's Choicest
Standard Blend

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FIVE STAR
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For very Special
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COPY- COATS

and proud of it too!

The drawings at the top are original models by the famous French couturiers Lyolène and Bernard. The two photographs below—Nicoll copies.

Now it takes a cutter of craft to interpret subtle lines like that.

Look at the **Bernard** with its rounded shoulders merging into grandiloquent sleeves. It's the coat of the future—with all the emphasis at the top. Tremendously haughty, but oh, so complimentary to one's height and hips.

In rough, obliquely-woven Nicoll cloth of brown, black or blue—with its heavy velvet scarf all complete—it costs but **7½ gns.**

The **Lyolène** has the same feeling, but the sloping raglan effect is gained by means of a deep, round yoke, and the sleeve interest drops below the elbow.

Made in the same colours and materials, it also costs **7½ gns.**

Either of these coats will see you grandly through the winter, and be the coming thing next spring.

You'll find them in **Street Clothes**—Ground Floor.

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H. J. Nicoll & Co., Ltd., 114-120, Regent St., London, W.1

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. NEIL GARDINER AND MISS NORAH CLEGG

Who are being married early in February. Mr. Gardiner is the elder son of Mrs. Langford of Wokefield Park, Mortimer, Berks, and the grandson of Dr. Alfred Palmer of Wokefield Park, Berks, and his fiancée is the only child of the late Mr. James William Clegg and Mrs. James Clegg of 23, Cadogan Gardens, S.W., and Almeley Manor, Herefordshire



MISS MARY REYNOLDS

The younger daughter of Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.L., the Art Editor of "Punch," and Mrs. Reynolds, who is engaged to Captain George Michael Fellowes Prynne, the Border Regiment

Marrying Shortly.

On November 26, Mr. Dudley Frederick Oliphant Dangar is marrying Miss Barbara Massie, and the wedding will be at Frensham; the 15th of this month is the date fixed for the wedding between Mr. Iain Murray and Miss Angela Du Boulay; some time in December, Mr.

Francis J. A. Thorold is marrying Miss Ann Amelia Somers; Mr. Denis Hill-Wood and Miss Mary Martin Smith are being married on December 1 at St. Margaret's, Westminster; Major Hordern, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Artillery, and Miss Lois Rollings are to be married quietly at the end of November; and another December wedding is that between the Rev. Stuart M. Morgan, Vicar of Ferring, and Miss Hildegard Olive Hirtzel.

Weddings Abroad.

On November 28, Mr. John Sibley Dumeresque of 22F, Altamont Road, Cumballa Hill, Bombay, and Miss Drummond Fraser of Birmingham, Alabama, are being married at the Cathedral, Bombay; and Captain Marcus Cockayne, late Indian Army, the elder son of the Rev. H. and Mrs. Cockayne of Lyng Vicarage,

Taunton, is marrying Miss Nancy McWilliams, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McWilliams of Walmer, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, in January, in South Africa.

Recently Engaged.

Captain Henry Thomas Elliott, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, the only surviving son of the late Mr. Henry Elliott and Mrs. Elliott of Elworthy, West Somerset, and Miss Gillian Norah Hannington, the only daughter of the late Mr. Frank Hannington, I.C.S., and Mrs. Hannington of Shorebank, Bognor Regis; Mr. Hugh Mackinnon, the elder son of Major and Mrs. Mackinnon, King's Copse, Bucklebury, Reading, and Miss Diana Gresson, the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. H. A. Gresson of East Court, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham; Mr. Harold Edward Evetts, the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Evetts, 16th Lancers and Scottish Rifles, and Mrs. Evetts of 24, Charlbury Road, Oxford, and Miss Helen Mary Fenton, the daughter of the late Mr. R. K. Fenton of Dutton Manor, and Mrs. Fenton of 8, Weymouth Street, W.; Lieut.-Com. George Edward Cameron Wood, the only son of the late Mr. C. E. and Mrs. Wood of Bowdon, Cheshire, and Miss Cecily Delamere Arderne, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Arderne of Plumstead, Cape Peninsula; Mr. Philip Arnold, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Arnold, and Miss Joan Staniforth, Thurlow Park Road, West Dulwich.



MR. AND MRS. ALEC WAUGH

Photographed after their wedding, which took place recently. Mr. Alec Waugh, the well-known novelist, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waugh of Hampstead, and his wife was formerly Miss Joan Chirnside, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chirnside of Berwick, Victoria, Australia

THE HOSTESS CANTEEN.

EIGHT—two tables of bridge, a happy number for a dance, just the right number for a dinner party—you've often found you needed eight of everything, that the ordinary set of sixes was inadequate for entertaining. That's why you'll like this new Hostess Canteen with its complete service for eight persons—enough silver for every occasion. It may be had in any of Community's five distinguished designs. At your silversmiths. 52 pieces - £8.0.0.

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WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "HINTS FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS"
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PATRICIAN

SMART MILLINERY



"CONSTANCE"

A Felt Hat with the new stencilled crown and brim: fitting well into the back of the neck this hat will be snugly comfortable with a fur collar.

In Black, Navy, Lido, African Brown, Briarwood, Garnet, Juniper Green, Doreen Brown.

Sizes: 6 $\frac{3}{4}$, 7, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$

BRITISH

4/6

BOX and POSTAGE 9d.



"COUDRE"

Swathed Panne Velvet on a small mushroom brim trimmed with an Ostrich Ruche over the left side of the crown, are the features of this smart Matron's Panne Hat.

In Black|Self, Black|White, Brown|Self, Brown|Beige, Navy|Self.

Sizes: 7, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$

BRITISH

19/11

POST FREE



"CLAUDETTE"

A Corduroy Velvet Hat with Stock-tie Scarf. Smart four section crown, small mushroom brim with a tilt over the right eye under the knot of the petersham band: neat stock-scarf finished with a bar pin. Trim when worn with a tailor-made, ideal for skating or any sport.

In Black, White, Beige, Green, Nigger Brown and Wine.

Sizes: 6 $\frac{3}{4}$, 7, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

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Two Piece

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DELIGHTFUL EVENING
WRAP COAT with gauged
cuffs and flared skirt, pro-
duced in good quality ring
velvet, lined with crêpe rayon
and trimmed with a beautiful
collar of sable Hare. In
cardinal - red, midnight -
blue or black.

Price **9 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.**

JAY'S *Ltd*
Established nearly a Century.
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

There were meetings of the Show and Executive committees on October 24, Lady Howe presiding. Final details respecting the Members' Show were settled. This Show is to be held at the Horticultural Hall on November 29, and members are earnestly requested to support their Association by entering largely. They will never have a better or more accessible place. Entries close on November 14. Anyone wishing to join the Association before then can do so on communicating with Mrs. Trelawny, 87, Knightsbridge. The Horticultural Hall is so easy to get to, there is sure to be a number of visitors, and in the late autumn a cheerful show in a warm place is a very nice outing.

The larger breeds of dogs suffered severely during the War; it is only in the last few years that they have begun to recover; now a great interest is taken in large dogs, and there is a newly-formed society, the San Roeco Society, devoted entirely to their welfare. Foremost among large breeds is the magnificent St. Bernard. Everyone knows his romantic origin, and we have all been thrilled in childhood by stories of his prowess. Mrs. Staines deserves the thanks of all admirers of the St. Bernard for the help she has given the breed, and she has at this time a splendid team of which she sends a picture. She won both certificates at the recent K.C. Show. There is at present a great demand for St. Bernards as guards for which they are most suitable, as, though first-rate guards, they are quiet and gentle at home, and particularly good with children. Mrs. Staines has some puppies and young dogs for sale and is always pleased to show them to visitors.



YANG KIE CHE-LOO
Thos. Fall
The property of Miss Peck



ST. BERNARDS
The property of Mrs. Staines

Now another guard. Mrs. O'Brien's Alsatians are well known to us: she has a small kennel, so all her dogs have individual attention, which is good for all dogs, but especially for Alsatians. She sends a picture of Gilly of Nonington. Gilly is a particularly promising youngster; at nine months old she has won seven firsts and four seconds at five shows, and should have a great future. Mrs. O'Brien has a black-and-tan sister of Gilly for sale; also a sable bitch to the young winning bitch, Fanina of Nonington. These are both winners, house-trained, and inoculated against distemper. She also has two younger puppies, ten weeks old, for sale.

Miss Peck's chows are world-famous; many good ones have been bred by her, so it is most interesting to see a picture of her lovely young bitch, Yang Kie Che-Loo. Che-Loo is a daughter of the celebrated Ch. Akbar, and won a first and a second at the K.C. Show. Miss Peck bred her, and also her father and mother. Miss Peck does not keep a large kennel, and all her dogs are her companions and friends. Che-Loo should have a great future before her.

Miss Desborough is now settled at High Beech in Essex, and is prepared to take dogs to train for shows or as ordinary boarders. The kennels are quite near London and convenient for trains and buses. There is plenty of room for all kinds of breeds.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



GILLY OF NONINGTON
The property of Mrs. O'Brien

hotel cristina
algeciras

ENJOY THE WINTER SUNSHINE!

A cruise of 3 days brings you to this famous hotel-de-luxe on the shores of the Mediterranean, recently rebuilt and refurnished. Private Suites, bathrooms to most bedrooms, hot and cold water in every bedroom, beautiful gardens of 20 acres. Magnificent Scenery. Hard Tennis Courts. Golf, Bathing.

Full particulars and tariff from the Secretary, Iberian Hotels (Dept. T.), 28, Austin Friars, E.C.2, or Thos. Cook & Son (Dept. T.), Berkeley St., W.1, or Dean and Dawson (Dept. T.), 81, Piccadilly, W.1

Ideal Centre for visiting Southern Spain, Morocco, etc.

VISIT THIS BRITISH-OWNED HOTEL FACING THE ROCK OF GIBALTAR

HEATING THROUGH THE AGES—No. 2



THE huge open hearth and roaring log fire of medieval times is a picturesque subject for the artist—but as for *comfort*—we can imagine the scorching heat near the fire, but beyond, a vast gloomy hall, cold and draughty! Yet even to-day the supposed "comfort" of an open fire is a fallacy which dies hard—and no wonder, when the fireside is generally the only warm spot in the house! Let us quote you for an "Imperial" Central Heating Installation—it will revolutionize your ideas of comfort, providing, as it does, a warm even temperature in every part of the house.

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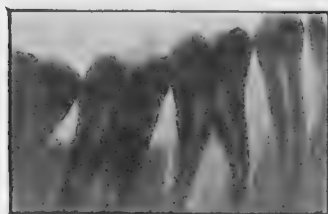
*She has
cleaned her teeth
for the last time*

TO-MORROW they must come out!

Unobserved... unchecked, grim Pyorrhœa pursues its relentless course, breaking down gum tissues, attacking the bony tooth sockets and surrounding membranes until precious, sound teeth become loose and must be extracted, until beauty, comfort, even health itself, is lost for ever.

Soft, receding gums that bleed easily may warn you of this approaching menace, but often only the X-Rays can with certainty reveal the existence of this dread disease that is contracted by four out of five people past the age of forty.

As you value your health and appearance, guard your priceless teeth with Forhan's for the Gums.



X-Ray photograph by A. B. Goss, M.S.R.

See what the X-Rays revealed

Pyorrhœa is shown in all the teeth. Note the deformity of the roots and the demarcation of same showing shrinkage.

Make no mistake, Forhan's will not cure Pyorrhœa in its advanced stages. Only a dentist can stop its progress then but, taken in time, its regular use will check further development.

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Prices do not apply to Irish Free State.

Ask your Grocer for
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S SOUPS

royd.

Number 33—continued from p. 256

now if I can only get clear this once and marry the Squire I know I shall run straight all the rest of my life."

"Marry who?" Nell sat up quickly.

"His mother was an Englishwoman, his father was an Italian. My blessed Benito, and he's always called 'The Squire'—it's a sort of pet name, for he's exactly like an Englishman himself. His name is Benito Sarfaratti, and he comes of a very old Italian family, who have had to go into business as they lost all their money."

"What sort of business?" Nell asked slowly, looking at her.

"It's a big shipping and export affair," Jocelyn told her. "You know I've been sending old furniture and tapestries and all sorts of antiques to America and England and making what I could out of it. Most of them went from Villefranche; it's so difficult to get anything out of Italy now, especially big things, but lots of old furniture are *not* real antiques, and I've sent a good deal from Corsica and Majorca, and the Squire, as head of the shipping side of his firm, has helped me enormously—that was how I first met him. It's entirely through his help I've done anything the last two years. Since America slumped my market there has been closed. If it hadn't been for Benito I couldn't have carried on at all. Oh, Nell, just look at his picture. He is the dearest, straightest, best man that ever lived and we really love each other."

Nell felt her mouth dry and her lips parched. "Give me a whisky and soda," she said, as she took the photograph and looked at it. It was the picture of a big, young Englishman, with an open, smiling face, wide set eyes, and very broad shoulders. Across the picture was written, in bold handwriting, "The Squire."

"Yes, he looks like an Englishman," she murmured, "and he has helped you in your work?"

"He helps everybody. Oh! he's the dearest thing, always willing to do something for others. Their ships go all over the world—cargo boats and freight steamers, and a few small passenger boats. He's always crowded a crate of mine in when I wanted it to go quickly. Everybody knows them—the firm, I mean. They're famous all over the world as the straightest dealers in all Italy; the Customs people are always decent and obliging to any boat of theirs. Nell, if anything spoils this, I don't know what I shall do. I love him in quite a different way than I've ever loved before, somehow. I know I can settle down with him and be happy, and play the game. I trust him absolutely, but if anything goes awry, my life is done—finished. I know that —"

"What should go awry? I suppose you've told him all about the past, if you love and trust him so completely?"

"I've told him everything but *one* thing, and that's where you've got to help me. Anthony's letters —"

"Do you mean to say that affair is not settled yet? Those terrible letters are still in the hands of that unscrupulous man? Then, indeed, my dear, your chances of happiness seem to me small."

Jocelyn walked over to her writing-table, her face as white as chalk. "I have a letter from him here, Nell," she said; "read it!"

My dear Jocelyn (it began),—I am not quite the fiend you depict me. And once I loved you, whatever you may think, so I shall be glad to know you are happy. If you will send by a messenger you can trust and vouch for all the letters you have of mine, I will give that messenger in return the box containing yours. I will not send them through the post, and I will not meet you to make the exchange. But I swear to you on my honour that all the letters you wrote me shall be in that box, and I will give it over in exchange for a box containing mine, and you will give me, equally, your word of honour it contains every letter I ever sent you.—Anthony.

P.S.—I am leaving for India on November 20, so it must be done soon.

Jocelyn hardly waited for her to finish. "Nell, Nell," she cried, "you will do this for me—you *must* do it. My whole life and happiness depend on it. I can trust you completely, and you are the only soul I can. You will take this little despatch case of Anthony's letters to London. I *know* you can carry your hand luggage through, owing to your work, with little risk of it being looked at. Anthony will fetch it from your flat the same night. He will open his case and show you that my letters are in it. You will open this, and his letters are lying tied in bundles, all addressed in his hand-writing to me. There can be no mistake. Give him this case, and take his case in return. Nell, I implore you, I beg it of you, if you care for me . . ."

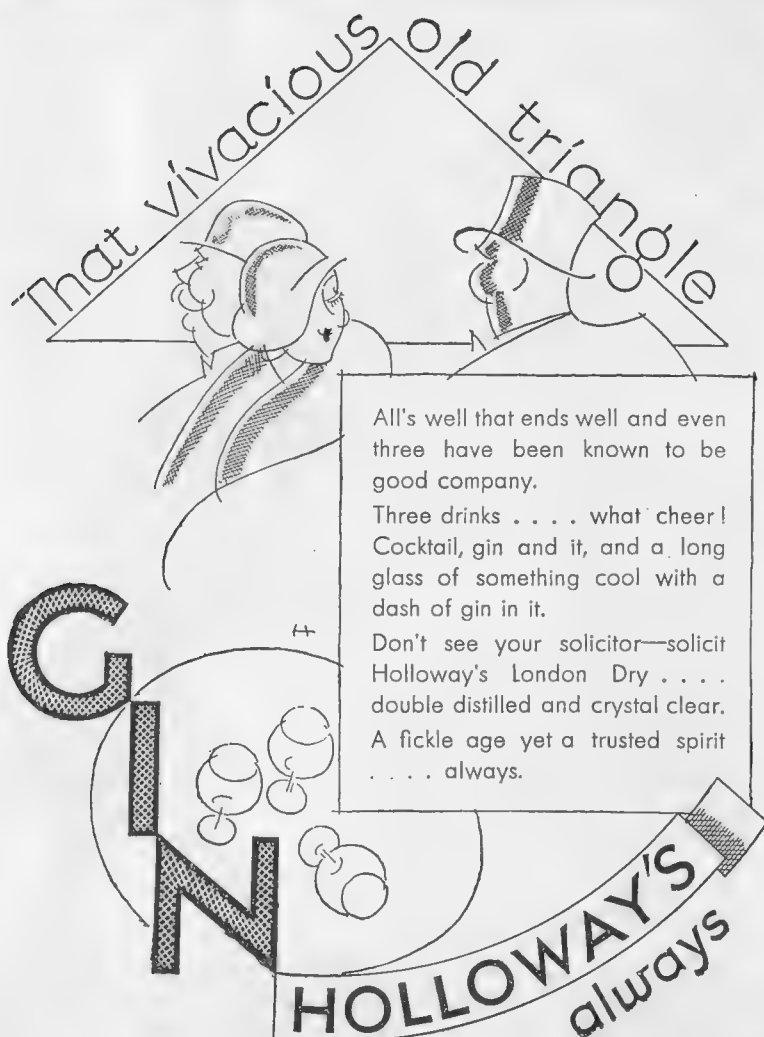
"You don't know what you are asking me to do," Nell said, slowly.

"But you will do it, my dear darling. You always said you would do what you could for me. I swear to you on my honour that if you will do this, never, never again will I do a shady thing. No more love affairs for me. Now I love, and that's the end. And anyhow, those letters must be destroyed."

"Yes, those letters must be destroyed, I agree there." Nell sat up straight. "And there isn't much time, as to-day is November 16. I will do it on one condition. I will take your case of letters to London, and give it to Anthony in exchange for his case. I will start to-morrow night, Wednesday, and you must wire him to come to my flat on the night of Friday, and make the exchange that night. And you must marry your Benito on the Saturday; don't ask me why, I won't tell you, it's my condition."

(Continued on p. xvi)

That vivacious old triangle



All's well that ends well and even three have been known to be good company.
Three drinks . . . what cheer!
Cocktail, gin and it, and a long glass of something cool with a dash of gin in it.
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Ava Eau de Cologne, 1/2 oz. 1/6 to 4 oz. 9/-, 1/2-pint Wicker Bottle 15/-

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If shock, worry, overwork, or illness has sapped your energy and shattered your nerves, until you feel as though you will never be able to enjoy life again, read this letter! The writer felt just as you do—yet in a few weeks she became "a new woman"!

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"In a few days the fluttering and heart trouble ceased, and now, nearly at the end of my second bottle, I am a new woman. All the dizziness and depression have gone and my friends are marvelling at my wonderful recovery."

'PHYLOSAN' brand of chlorophyll tablets are prepared under the direction of Dr. E. Buerger, of Berne University. They contain no deleterious drugs, form no harmful habit, and have no unpleasant after-effects.

Two tiny tasteless tablets three times a day before meals are all you need take to win new strength, new energy, new joy in life! Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity, and is therefore more economical.

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Send a postcard to Messrs. Fassett & Johnson Ltd. (Distributors for Great Britain & Ireland), Dept. 39, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1, for a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," describing Dr. Buerger's researches and the remarkable results obtained with 'Phyllosan' brand tablets.

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Number 33—continued from p. xiv

"But it's amazing, Nell," Jocelyn cried out, "it's perfectly amazing, it's just what he wants. One of their boats leaves Genoa for Greece on Saturday afternoon and he wants us to go in it on our honeymoon! Oh, we always meant to have a private wedding—no fuss or anything—and he's had his special marriage permission in his pocket for ten days, but I wouldn't do it till I knew the Anthony letters were destroyed. He'll be shouting with joy that I've suddenly agreed. You must see him to-morrow, darling, Nell."

"No, I won't see him," Nell said, putting her friend gently from her. "I don't want to see him yet and I shall be busy all to-morrow morning, and now I'm dead tired; I must go to bed."

At nine o'clock next day Number 33 went down to the private office of her department and reported herself, but announced that she was leaving the same night. "I shall come back next week," she said. "The Chief told me I need not hurry, I could have a short time for some private business of my own; but as I am here, you might show me the three dossiers he said you had of persons who might be of importance." She went over them carefully, but they seemed of no value to her. "By the way, do you know the firm of Sarfaratti?" she asked as she left.

The secretary laughed. "I should say so," he said. "One of the best firms in Europe. One member of that firm is in our employ. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just private interest," she said; "a friend of mine is going to marry Benito Sarfaratti, I think, but it's a secret still, only I wondered what sort of a man he was."

"One of the very best," came the instant reply. "Your friend will be a very lucky woman if she marries that delightful man!"

When Jocelyn saw Nell off that evening there were tears of joy in her eyes. She put her arms round her friend and held her very close for a few moments.

"You will never know what you have done for me, Nell," she whispered, as she handed her the case of letters.

"And you will never know what I have done for you either, my dear," Nell said as she kissed her good-bye, "but anyhow I have given you your chance and I rely on you to keep your promise to me and take it."

"I'll take it all right, trust me, and thank you for it, darling."

Everything ran according to plan; the journey was quick and uneventful. Number 33's personal luggage, with its secret cipher sign, was passed quickly through the Customs, and she was in her flat in Westminster by eight o'clock on Friday night. Punctually at nine the bell rang, and: "A gentleman who won't give his name, Miss," was announced. A second later and Anthony stood before her with a small dispatch case in his hands.

"I'd have given these up long ago if Jocelyn would have sent mine," he said. "She's been the difficult one. She isn't what you think her, Nell; don't deceive yourself."

"We won't discuss it," Nell said. "Open your case, and I'll open this one. I'll verify the fact that her letters to you are really being returned to me."

"I'll take your word for mine," he smiled. "You need not open the case you've brought me unless you like."

But she insisted on opening both cases and looking at the handwriting of the letters lying in neat packages on the top. When he had gone she put one little packet after another into the fire, and watched it gradually consumed. Then she wrote a wire to Jocelyn, "Letters destroyed, carry on, Nell."

Next day at noon she was urgently summoned to the Chief's office.

"You've returned sooner than I expected, Number 33," he said, "but it's just as well, for I have some information which will interest you. The largest quantity of cocaine ever received at once landed in London last night. You brought it in yourself in a case which you believed contained love letters, and gave it to a man in exchange for another case, really containing love letters, which you destroyed. We've got the case of cocaine; the man unfortunately escaped, but we'll get him now we have a clear case against him, and we've tracked the whole gang, and it's only a question of time before we break them."

"And his—his confederates?" gasped Number 33.

"Miss Jocelyn Moreton and Benito Sarfaratti left Genoa the day after you did; for Africa we think. They were paid an enormous sum for the drug directly it crossed the Italian frontier, and had plenty of time to get away. Miss Moreton has been making thousands during the last two years; she is a very rich woman now, and we'll probably never get her, but we've broken up the gang, anyhow! It's all right," he went on, smiling at her. "I know you've been deceived, and knew nothing, but if you hadn't sent that wire after you destroyed the letters, I'd have had to have you arrested this morning, I'm afraid."



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A THOUSAND THRILLS IN EVERY SPIN!

EMINENT CLERGYMAN
GIVES HIS VIEWS.

In the course of a discussion as to whether gambling is an evil, the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott said (vide the "Daily Sketch," Sept. 19th, 1932): "Someone has given me a fascinating game called the Electric Speedway. On a disc eight motor-bicycles flicker round, while coloured lights flicker dizzily before my eyes. Red, blue, green . . . which light will deprive my adversaries of counters? As the lights flicker more slowly we sit enthralled. We have the gambling fever, that is, the thrill. The shops are selling this game to the multitudes who will place halfpence or pence on the squares instead of counters. Will that be wicked—more wicked than risking them on bridge or investing in some risky stock? Need a Christian be illogical? May it not be left to conscience?"

Each day's post brings proof of the growing popularity of Electric Speedway. All classes and all ages are thrilled and delighted with this fascinating game. Whether you play for cash or counters, for large stakes or small, you will find that, like the Rev. D. Morse-Boycott, you are held and enthralled. It is a game of which you will never tire.

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Electric Speedway will prevent any party from proving a "flop." Price 17/6 from all stores and high-class toy shops. De Luxe model with 12 riders and 2 stake boards, 2 Guineas.

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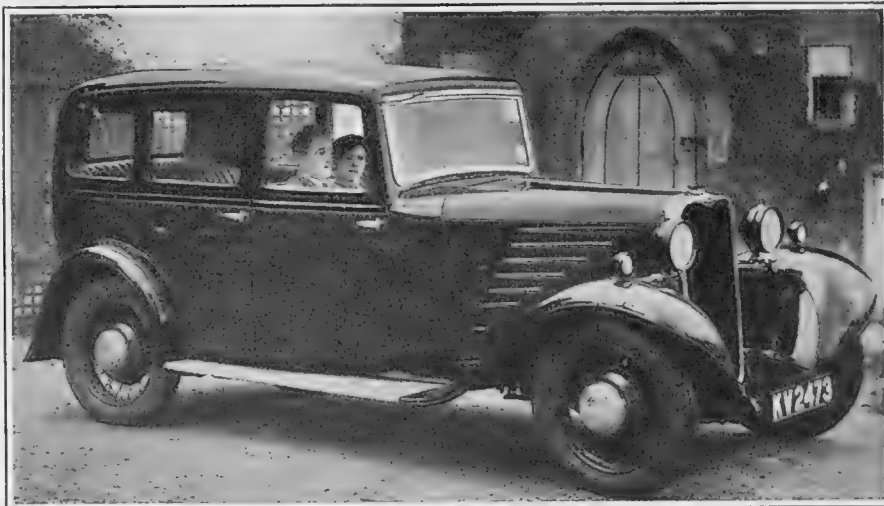
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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 254

saloon model of it costs £375, but many very special features are embodied. These include a free wheel with a spring engagement that entirely eliminates all shock and forms part of the four-speed gear-box. This latter has a silent third, and both this and the second ratio are worked on the synchro-silent principle, making the change either up or down both silent and fool-proof. Then there is a new kind of anti-vibration steering device, automatic engine starting, thermostat-controlled self-adjusting shock-absorbers, one-shot lubrication for all chassis details, automatic radiator shutters, and duo-servo brakes. It will be seen, then, that the specification is unusually complete. The engine is a compact overhead-valve unit of approximately 1,500 cc. capacity and gives well over 40 b.h.p., so that a bright road performance can be safely looked for.

Fine Stuff.

I am not at all surprised to learn (though in these hard days merit so often has to go unrecognized) that the ivory and blue four-seater coupé which was the central exhibit on the Sunbeam stand at Olympia and, in my humble judgment, one of the most graceful motor-cars ever created, took what awards were going. It secured 1st prize in the Olympia coachwork competition for standard enclosed coachwork built by a British motor manufacturer in the class of over £300. I fancy that this is not the first time that Sunbeams have scored this well-deserved success. With the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers I have not, in the past, always seen eye to eye, but on this occasion I am entirely with them.



THE NEW SINGER 12-H.P. SALOON

Outside the prison house at Shenley. This model proved of great interest at the recent Olympia Exhibition, its particular feature being the coach-built body, which is a distinctive feature of all Singer cars

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Several interesting appointments have been made by the Triumph Company of Coventry within the past few days. In the first place, Mr. G. G. Hayden, who has been car sales manager for the last seven years, has taken over the position of general sales manager, and will now be responsible for sales of Triumph cars, commercial vehicles, and motor-cycles. On the motor-cycle side he will be assisted by Mr. Harry Perrey, one of the best-known competition riders of the day and holder of the record for the ascent of Snowdon. A further addition to the staff is that of Mr. Victor Page, whose experience in the design of motor-cycles and high efficiency engines is almost unequalled. Triumphs may truly be called the leaders of the British motor-cycle industry. In the lean years of 1903 to 1907 they saved it from extinction, for they were the only manufacturers who had a firm belief in its future, concentrated on it, and eventually won through to fame. The recent appointments will ensure that the Triumph Company retains its pre-eminent position.

Messrs. David Moseley and Sons, Ltd., ventured to forecast that the 1932 Motor Show would have a larger number of vehicles fitted with pneumatic upholstery than had ever been seen before, and in this they were correct. "Float-on-Air" figured at the head of the list. Five important motor-car manufacturers—Austin, Morris, Wolseley, Hillman, and Crossley—all had cars on their stands fitted with "Float-on-Air" as standard, and a large number of body builders included these wonderful cushions in their choicest designs.



By appointment.

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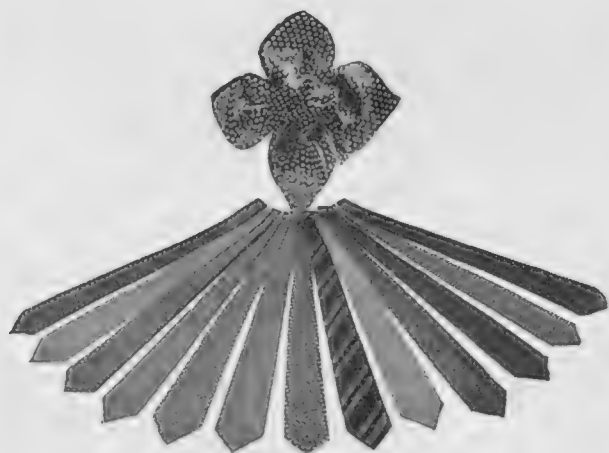
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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE OF BIRMINGHAM

(WARWICK HOUSE LTD.)

TEL. MID. 5508.

Air Eddies

(Continued from p. 252)

attract a great deal of attention. One of the exhibits will be the automatic pilot, variously known to R.A.F. officers as "George" and "Iron Mike." This forms part of the equipment of the Fairey monoplane, which, by the time these notes appear, may be on its way to attempt to break the world's distance non-stop record.

In Paris the Fairey Company will be exhibiting a Firefly II and a Fox II, the first the famous single-seater fighter which Flight-Lieutenant Staniland demonstrates with such skill, and the second a two-seater fighter capable of 190 miles an hour with full equipment. Six engines are being exhibited by Armstrong Siddeley, including the Leopard, which has fourteen cylinders and is rated at 800 h.p. The Leopard is the most powerful air-cooled engine yet placed in production anywhere in the world. The Tiger is a recent development.

Sailplaning.

A series of articles by C. H. Latimer-Needham has begun to appear in "The Sailplane" of October 28 on Bird Flight. They are of interest not only to soaring and gliding pilots but also to pilots and constructors of power-driven aircraft, for the flight action of a bird's wing still has hundreds, if not thousands, of lessons to teach the aeroplane designer.

Major Travers, by the way, made an important reference to gliding in



Hay Wrightson

MISS PEGGY PAGET

Lady Drogheda's attractive daughter, by her first marriage, came out last year, and is a contemporary of her cousin, Lady Caroline Paget. Miss Peggy Paget has one brother, who was born in 1914

the paper to which I have already referred. He pointed out the good work by the London Gliding Club and drew attention to the excellence of its organization.

Eve at Golf

(Continued from p. 258)

forward tees and a stroke-added to their L.G.U. handicaps, Mr. Roger Newey of Moseley carried off the Challenge Cup with a splendid 79 less 8=71, after a tie with Mr. Langley of Northwood. The ladies' scratch prize went to Miss Funnell of North Middlesex with 83, and the handicap to Mrs. Page of South Herts with 91 less 15=76.

Guildford Challenge Cup, open to members of any club in Surrey, found a splendid winner the other day in Mrs. Peel, the Surrey-Scottish golfer, who won with 82 less 4=78, after a tie with Mrs. Withington. Miss Gourlay made a great try with 78 plus 1=79, but could only win the scratch prize.

The players who went to Sweden in August at the invitation of Herr Nobel of Peace Prize fame will never forget how much they enjoyed it, and were delighted to forgather the other evening at the Dorchester Hotel to meet Herr Nobel and Herr Junger of Bastaad at a delightful little dinner given by "Fairway and Hazard," who organized the trip. All the team were there with the exception of Miss Jean McCulloch, who could not get down from Scotland.

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Beautiful English Wrought-iron Work

(Left)

ENGLISH Wrought-iron "Dragon" Stand, 18 ins. high. Complete with white glass bowl 5½ Gns.

With bowl in red or any selected colour, 6½ and 7½ Gns.



(Right)

ENGLISH Wrought-iron Stand, 25 ins. high. Complete with white glass bowl 5½ Gns.

With bowl in jade, rose, red, or any selected colour, 7½ Gns.



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1

AUTOMATIC ACTION



The new Rolleiflex is an automaton—it automatically gets sparklingly clear pictures of every subject presented to it. No matter what speed or what light. All you do is choose the subject.

With Zeiss Tessar

F/4.5 - £20

With Zeiss Tessar

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See it at any high class Dealers, or write for 32-page de-Luxe Brochure, and name of nearest Dealer, to R. F. Hunter, Ltd., Sole Rolleiflex Importers (Dept. TT), 51, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

THE NEW AUTOMATIC
Rolleiflex
CAMERA

RUSSIA SHAKES HER WINGS



THE roar of motors high in the air, muffled by the altitude and intervening space. It was more of a purr—rhythmic, smooth—music to the sensitive ears of a pilot quick to detect a dissonant note.

I stopped and looked up from the Red Square in Moscow.

One, two, three planes of Soviet Russia's Red Air Force. One of them a giant four-motored bomber. The first that I had ever seen of Russia's Red Air Fleet, the least known of the "winged armies" of the world, more mysterious than the Red Army itself.

"We shall soon have the largest air fleet in the world," remarked the Communist who had kindly volunteered to show me round Moscow.

He spoke with conviction and pride in his voice.

The Red Air Force of Russia—the largest and most powerful air fleet in the world! Endless squadrons of bombers, torpedo-carriers, fighters, dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers of the air! To be to Russia what the British Navy for generations has been to the British Empire, as one of the leaders put it.

That is the vision of the Kremlin—the goal that the "Master Minds" within it—men of whom you hear and read but seldom see—have set in the air for Soviet Russia. Having set it, they are going about to reach this goal with that ruthless determination which counts not the cost. Moreover, there are no pacifists in Russia to lay a paralysing hand on what has been decided as necessary for the country.

No secret is made of that goal. It is popular.

Read how the task of making Russia's Red Air Force the largest in the world is being achieved—In Lady Drummond Hay's article in this issue

In The November Issue ON SALE NOW

"RUSSIA SHAKES HER WINGS," by Lady Drummond Hay
 "KILLED IN ACTION," by Sir Philip Gibbs
 "ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA," by C. Fox Smith
 "THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN," by Dorothy Black
 "THE SPEED OF BIRDS, ANIMALS AND FISH," by J. Wentworth Day
 "CRIME OVER EUROPE," by Ferdinand Tuohy
 "AND THE OTHER WAS HUNG," by Frank E. Verney
 "OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE," by Hannen Swaffer
 "FALSE NOTES IN THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES," by Sydney Tremayne
 "ON BUILDING A HOUSE," by Winifred Lewis
 "WOMEN TALK SO CARELESSLY," by Christine Jope-Slaae
 "HER INFINITE VARIETY," by F. Britten Austin
 "FLATTER YOUR FACE," by "Chrysis"
 "BIG BUSINESS: THE EPIC OF BOURNVILLE," by Gordon Beckles
 "QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO," by F. Matania, R.I.
 "CONVERSATION PIECES," by Derek Patmore
 "MODERNISING AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE," by Baseden Butt
 "NEW JOBS IN A NEW WORLD," by Amabel Williams-Ellis
 A KNITTED CAP AND GLOVES
 DELICATE STITCHERY ON AN EMBROIDERED LUNCHEON
 "TINNED FOOD," by Len Chaloner [SET
 MOTORING: Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan

GET IT TO-DAY!

**The
New
Style Magazine**

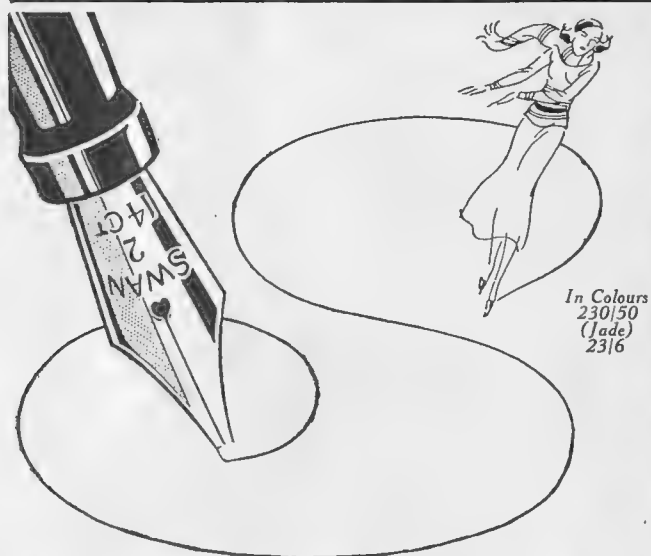
BRITANNIA AND EVE

DOGS ARE VERY IMPORTANT

It has been said that a gift to a cherished pet gives greater pleasure than one to its owner. At Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., there is every necessity as well as luxury for making a dog happy. Among the novelties is the dog's travelling attaché case; it is made of a shiny American cloth-like fabric, and notwithstanding that a picture of a dog appears wherever possible the cost is merely 39s. 6d. As will be seen from the illustration, it is fitted with tin, wash and feeding bowls, towel, stiff hairbrush, wire comb, solid rubber ball, and lead. There are hall-stands for doggy's brush and comb, as well as coats of every kind. Now an ideal gift for his mistress is the Teesmade Cabinet. It consists of electric lamp, alarm clock, tea set, and kettle. Set the alarm at the hour, seven minutes before it goes off; electricity heats the kettle; at the hour the water boils, and is automatically conveyed to the teapot; the tea is made, the lamp sheds its rays, and the clock sends out its warning that it is the hour to awake. Everything is accomplished while men and women slumber peacefully.



Picture by Blake



The Pen with the Graceful Glide

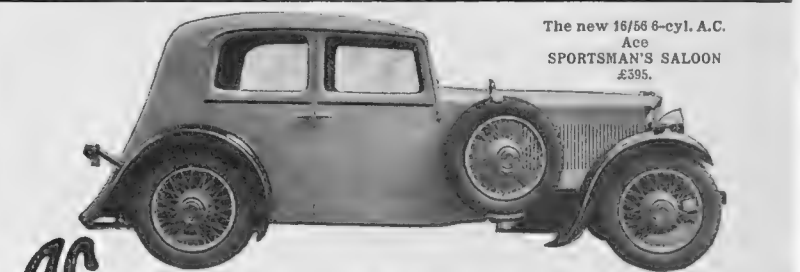
The gold nib is undeniably the first essential. The smoothness of a "Swan" Pen is proverbial. It is the result of over 90 years' experience in making gold nibs. Whichever nib you choose you will find the same master-touch which makes writing with a "Swan" so delightfully easy.

"Swan" Pens may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black or Mottled from 15/-, or Artistic Colours from 20/-. "Swan" Minor at 10/6, 12/6 and 15/-. "Fyne-Poynt" Pencils to match "Swan" Pens from 5/-.

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SWAN PEN

Illustrated catalogue post free from Mable, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 & 135 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches at 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W.1; and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester. "Swan" Pen Works; Harlesden, London. "Swan" Ink Works; Dingle, Liverpool.



The new 16/56 6-cyl. A.C.
Ace
SPORTSMAN'S SALOON
£395.

ACE CARS FOR 1933

Genuine road speed 70 m.p.h., cruising speed 55/60. Engine retains its tune for long periods without attention: economical at all speeds: petrol consumption 22/27 m.p.g. 4-speed gear-box with Twin-top. Springing permits fast cornering without sacrificing comfort.

Ask your local agent to arrange a demonstration.

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3/- 5/- & 12/- A BOTTLE

Obtainable from all chemists and from the sole agents—
SPENCER & CO · 20 QUEEN STREET · HAMMERSMITH · W.6



HAPPY..HEALTHY..BONNY*a regular user
of Wright's*

HAPPY through the glorious sense of freshness that only Wright's can give.

Healthy because of the protection from infection which Wright's provides.

Bonny in the cleanliness of skin and purity of complexion which Wright's so effectively ensures.

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COAL TAR

SOAP

6d. per tablet

**THE
"CLASSIQUE"
COURT SHOE**

Interprets the subtle severity demanded of modern chic. With the absence of trimming, the shoe dissolves into the general harmony of your ensemble and the soft repose of the foot.

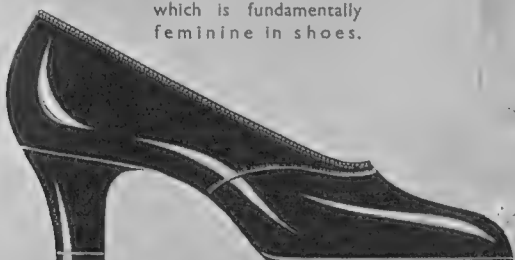
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Made in Patent Leather
and Zulu Glace Kid**25'9**

Postage 6d.

ABBOTT
and Eve

has become the accepted association of the practical and that which is fundamentally feminine in shoes.

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324, OXFORD STREET, W.

(Next to D. H. EVANS)

255, Oxford Street, W.
(Next to Jay's)82, Regent Street, W.
(Opp. Piccadilly Hotel)*The
Corslo
Gracieuse*

* * *

*Perfect Corsetry
by Debenhams*

* * *

THE illustration is of the popular backless model of the Corslo Gracieuse. It is entirely boneless, yet cleverly cut to give all the necessary support to a slim or medium figure.

Made of cotton tricot with a lace top and elastic panels over the hips to give a slimming line. Measurements required:—bust, hips, and waist.

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.In silk tricot. **7 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.**

May be sent on approval.

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"Grouse Brand"*The Highest Quality obtainable*

12 BOTTLES - carriage paid - 150/-

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TEN YEARS' supply is maintained to ensure unvarying excellence. Booklet of Whiskies on request.

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The wisdom of the ancients such as King Solomon used, can be your guide to future success and happiness. So why not have your horoscope cast by one of Society's leading astrologers? Send birth date. Postal Order 5/- to—

RAMON LANCELOT,

Strathmore Court, Park Road, St. John's Wood, N.W. 8

NOVIO
TOILET PAPER
Rolls, Packets & Cartons **THIN**
Soft
—most economical.
Sold everywhere.
Strong
Silky
See the 'Lancet's' opinion, 27th July, 1907

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £13 to give an allowance of 5s. weekly to a paralysed ex-service man. He was educated at one of our Northern Universities, and intended making a career as an analytical chemist. He, however, joined up as soon as War broke out. He is



A PRIZE-GIVING AT THE BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

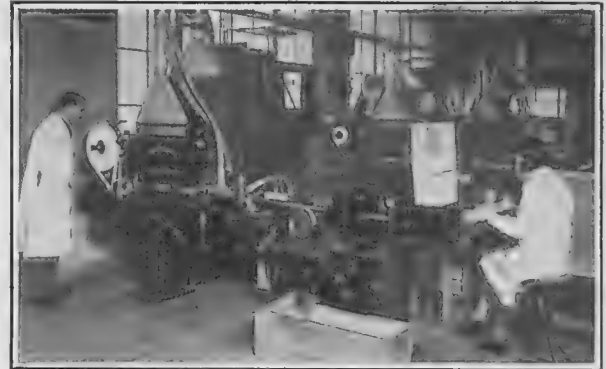
Miss Jeanne Stuart presenting the Branksome Challenge Cup to Mr. C. J. Anderson (back to camera) after he had won this trophy in the golf competition organized annually by the management of the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth. There is no entrance fee and play is over thirty-six holes, the Cup being awarded for the best aggregate scratch score. This year's meeting, held at Parkstone, attracted over seventy entries, among them many well-known golfers. Next to Mr. Anderson in this picture is Mr. Elliott Cockell, Editor of "Golf Illustrated," and on the right are Mr. Vernon Haydon and Mr. J. R. Cuff

aged fifty, and has been on treatment ever since his discharge. He is now almost entirely paralysed, being unable to move any part of his body except his arms, and there is no possibility of his ever being able to move again. He lives in a little ground-floor flat at the seaside—his invalid chair can be wheeled from his room to the pavement. His wife does everything for him except that she cannot lift him from his couch to his long carriage in which he goes out; a man has to be employed daily to come and do this. Our visitor was much impressed by this man's wonderful mentality; he never seems to complain, and is only anxious to spare his wife all he can. His pension only just covers rent, food, fire, etc. The Friends of the Poor want to supplement it by a small additional allowance to enable him to buy one or two little extras which might brighten his life.

A vigorous plea to British manufacturers to break what is described as "virtually a buyers' strike" is made by Mr. H. G. Saward, the head of the famous advertising firm of Saward, Baker and Co., Ltd., in a most illuminative brochure just issued by that firm. Mr. Saward produces some highly interesting charts, which show that, unemployment notwithstanding, the volume of employment in British industry tends steadily to increase as the population grows. Despite money-wage reductions, the constant fall in the cost of living has increased the total purchasing power of the masses. Despite income-tax and salary-cuts, the continuing success of many advertisers shows that there has been no fall in the purchasing power of the middle classes that can justify lack of confidence in the results to be expected from well-planned marketing efforts. "In fact," declares Mr. Saward, "the manufacturer of a good product turned out at a fair price has the remedy in his own hands if his sales are not satisfactory."

At the request of H.H. Princess Marie Louise, a ball is being organized by Lady Greer in aid of the Marie Louise wing of the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, Judd Street, W.C.1. This will be named "The Owl Ball," and will take place at Claridge's on Monday, December 19. H.H. Princess Marie Louise has kindly consented to be president, and Lady Greer is chairman.

The chairman of the junior committee will be Miss Peggy Gordon Moore. Lady Greer is resigning from the National Society of Day Nurseries and is devoting herself to the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare, where she is starting work in January; in the meantime she is devoting her energy to the cause of the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital.



PRODUCING 50,000 CIGARETTES AN HOUR!

A wonder machine at the Arcadia Works, Carreras' model factory, which is capable of turning out in one hour 50,000 of their well-known "Craven A" cigarettes. This is an amazing achievement in itself, but doubly so when it is remembered that the process includes the fitting of the famous cork tip

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Renovations Save Money.

It is really wonderful the good work that is done by the Fur Renovating Company, 58, Cheapside; the salons are situated on the first floor. They will alter, repair, and renovate furs that have apparently served their term of office, their special cleaning process restores their original freshness, they guarantee to execute all orders within a week. Just fancy what an immense advantage this is. Another point to be mentioned is that old furs will be taken in part payment for new. The best thing to do is to send the furs to be renovated to these salons, when they will advise the proper thing to be done, enclosing an estimate of the cost of the same.

A New Food-Drink.

The doctors have been quick to appreciate the advantages offered by the newest food drink, Cadbury's delicious Bourn-vita. It is the product of up-to-date scientific knowledge of dietetics. Within a few weeks 11,276 doctors have recommended this new food-drink to their patients, and every day the number is increasing. The main ingredients of this all-British product are fresh, full-cream milk and fresh eggs from British farms with British malt and Empire cocoa. The delicious flavour appeals to everyone. The ingredients have been so blended and treated that no less than 90 per cent. of the nourishment in Cadbury's Bourn-vita can be turned to human energy within a few hours. It is very easy to make—simply put two teaspoonfuls of the crisp granules into a cup of hot milk.

The "Esse" Anthracite Stove.

A simple system of heating is by installing an "Esse" anthracite stove in front of the existing hall fireplace, or in front of a fireplace in some other ground-floor room of the house. The picture on this page shows such a stove placed in a billiards-room, and if the



THE JEUNESSE "ESSE" STOVE

That warms a billiards-room and is at the same time ornamental

door of that room is left open when the room is not in use the heat from that stove will spread throughout the house, ensuring real comfort at all times of the day and night. The reason why heat generated from one of these stoves spreads is because only a very small portion of the heat is drawn into the chimney; the greater portion of the warmth that is generated from the burning fuel is given off from the body of the stove because the heat units have to encircle the stove before passing into the chimney. There is no more perfect method of keeping a billiards-room in sound condition than to have one of these stoves placed in that room. Nothing is more disastrous to a billiards table than to have an occasional burst of heat when a room is to be used. Sooner or later the cushions will get hard, and players will complain of inaccurate direction when the ball rebounds from a cushion that is too hard. The cost of burning anthracite in one of these "Esse" stoves, that are now made in such great variety, is less than 2d. per 1,000 cub. ft. per twenty-four hours.

Neuralgia and Headaches Conquered.

An excellent tonic-sedative called Cachets Faivre is finding great favour in London. These cachets or tablets are already very well known in France for their curative properties over neuralgia, headaches, and many nervous ailments. An important characteristic about them is that despite their strength and lasting effect they are guaranteed harmless. A free sample box may be obtained from the sole English distributors, Messrs. Wilcox, Jozeau, and Co., of 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.

A Catalogue of Interest.

The new Ciro catalogue, which has just been issued, is extremely interesting. Bound in blue and gold, it fully lives up to its name—"The Song of the Jewel"—for its forty-eight fascinating pages illustrate not only a selection from the tremendous Ciro collection, but also some smart ways of wearing these jewels.

The 'Stroke of Genius' was Harrods!

The mere walking round Harrods counters has made the choosing of many a Christmas Gift seem like a stroke of genius—so inspirational are Harrods displays. To win a like appreciation for *your* Christmas Tokens, why not—trifling with Johnsonian phrase—'take a walk round Harrods' yourself. Here are a few suggestions from the Gift Collections on the ground Floor.

HARRODS CHRISTMAS BOOK — JUST OFF THE PRESS — GLADLY SENT ON REQUEST



ELECTRICTABLE LIGHTER
An efficient petrol lighter, operated by a small electric battery. Height 5 ins. Bronze finish **25/-**

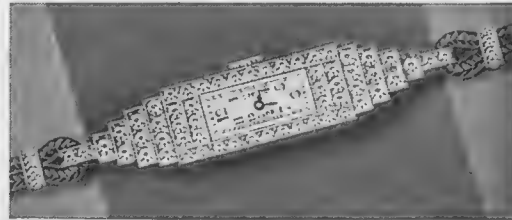
Oxidised Silver Plate - 45/-
Solid Silver, engine-turned, £5

STERLING SILVER COFFEE SET in hand-some modern design exclusive to Harrods. Unbreakable handles and knobs. Capacity of Coffee Pot and Milk Jug, $\frac{3}{4}$ -pt.

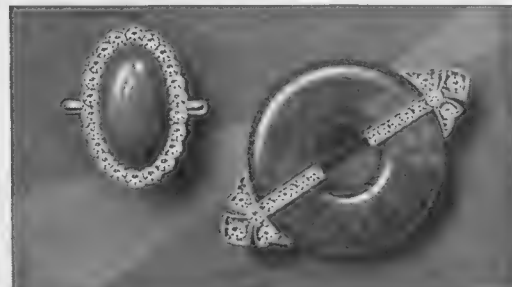
4-piece Set complete **£12.10.0**
Sterling Silver Tray, extra - **£14.14.0**

CIGARETTE BOX. Sterling Silver, finely engine-turned. Lined with Holly or Cedar wood. To hold 100 cigarettes. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ ins.

£4.17.6

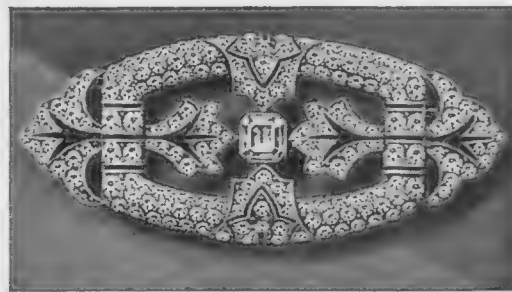


Wristlet Watch of Platinum and fine Diamonds. High-grade jewelled lever movement. Fully guaranteed. **£47.10.0**



Fine Chinese Jade and Diamond Cluster Ring. **£30**

Circle Brooch of fine Chinese Jade, set fine Diamonds. **£20**



Brooch of Diamonds exquisitely set in Platinum **£135**



COCKTAIL SHAKER. Sterling Silver. Fitted with ice breaker and strainer.

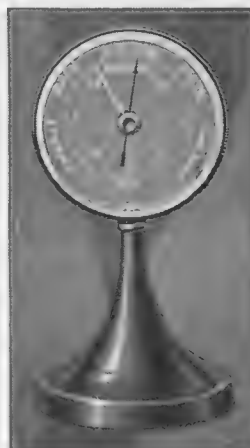
1-pint size
£3.3.0



PEDOMETER. A novel gift. Carried in the pocket, it measures the distance walked. Up to 12 miles **12/6**
Up to 100 miles - **14/-**
Up to 100 miles in yds. **16/6**



SPECTACLE OPERA GLASSES. An excellent Gift-idea for the theatre-goer. These Glasses give a wide angle of view and excellent definition. Very comfortable to wear. In soft case. **50/-**



BAROMETER. An elegant model for the sideboard or mantelpiece, 3-in. transparent dial. Height $6\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Finished in Black. **£3.0.0**



KODAK GIFT CASE. A 'Six-20' Kodak—slimmest of all cameras taking $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ in. film—two Verichrome films and leather carrying case, complete in attractive box. Camera has the fast $t/6.3$ anastigmat lens. Complete **77/6**
(Camera with Doublet lens. Gift Case, complete **60/-**)

The Toy Fair is Open!
Bring the Children—or let the Children bring you—whichever suits you best!

HARRODS LTD

SLOane 1234

a

Harrods
KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

*

DICKINS & JONES

Sports—right Styles for the ICE SKATER

Two of the many charming fashions which Dickins & Jones have prepared for the rink season.



(Left.) Inlaid knitting in artistic colourings is carried out in this Wool Skating Sweater and Cap. Note the zip fastening and welted waist and cuffs. Predominating shades:—Orange, gold, navy, brown and lido.

THE SET

16/9

Second Floor.

18 Gore Skating Skirt, in best quality Bara-thea. Note the extra width of gore at foot, giving perfect freedom of movement. In red, green, black, nigger and navy. Sizes: 29, 31 and 33.

29/11

Third Floor.

(Left.) SKATING SUIT in the new wool Mousse cloth. The Coat has yoke at back and fastens up to the neck with metal buttons. The pleated Skirt is stitched on the edge of each pleat, making it impossible for the pleats to come out, and finished at the top with a zip fastening. In red, brown, navy and black. Sizes: S.W. and W.

89/6

Salon—Third Floor.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD., REGENT STREET, W.1

*The
Crowning
Glory~*

The new season's Coiffures are very chic. The Hair is a little shorter and curls flat on the neck to harmonize with the delightfully small hats. Curls have to be artistically arranged on the sides. One of the latest variations is the charming coiffure photographed here. This is achieved by a Francis permanent wave and artistic setting.

Ultra-smart women wishing to adopt the season's very latest fashion of "Red" Hair can safely rely upon our skilled artists.

To complete the evening ensemble no more ravishing effect can be conceived than a perfect coiffure intriguingly lacquered in gold or silver to produce a delightful harmony.

MONTE
CARLO

(Late Maison Joseph)

Park Palace.

Phone M.C. 824



FRANCIS
COIFFEUR DE DAMES LTD

3 HANOVER SQ.
LONDON W.1.

Telephones: Mayfair 1308, 1913, 1939



Photo by Tunbridge.

"QUETTA."—The new Double Terai in fully proofed lightweight Felt with sun-proof headlining. Under Hat can be worn separately for riding. In all new colours. PRICE 52/6



By Appointment.

ROBERT HEATH
LIMITED
ONLY ADDRESS
37-39 KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1



By Appointment.

GORRINGES

for your

GIRLS' FROCKS

Styles for Day or
Party Wear



"AUDREY." Useful FROCK for home or school wear in PANAMA HOPSACK, perfectly cut and finished. In shades of Rust, Brown or Jade.

Sizes: 28 to 36. **21/-**

"JILL." A very attractive PARTY FROCK made of CELANESE TAFFETA, perfectly cut and finished, in delightful shades of Mimosa, Azure, or Pink.

Sizes: 20 to 34. **18/9**



"JILL," 18/9

FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD.
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.
Two Minutes from Victoria Station. Telephone: VICTORIA 8600.



"the steeplechase"
diagonal weave coat with
tasmanian opossum collar.
cash nine guineas, or
twenty-seven
shillings monthly.

"felicity"
afternoon gown in georgette
with draped neckline and
puffed sleeves, slip to match.
cash four guineas, or
twelve shillings
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every model offered by corot is individually made, fashioned to each customer's personal requirements, and represents that standard of quality which has become essential to the well-dressed woman. a visit to the corot showrooms will convince her of the truth of this statement. a copy of the corot winter fashion guide and full particulars of the corot instalment plan will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below.

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london, w.1 regent 0234

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for Normal Wear

Kindly write
Requirements

A featherweight
lainage in brown
bespeckled with
white is the medium
of this smart day
frock whose collar
is of the new
cream croquinoil.

9½ Gns.

A Selection of Corsets
may be had on approval

BARRI LTD 33
NEW BOND
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TRIMMED
WITH
SABLE
MUSQUASH

A WELL-TAILORED
COAT and SKIRT
in new diagonal
Saxony, with luxurious
fur collar of sable mus-
quash forming sweeping
revers and following hem
of coat. Yoked skirt
with double inverted
pleat. In green, brown,
black, mulberry and blue.
Two sizes.

12½

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Fashion Booklets
free on request.

SUIT SALON
GROUND FLOOR.

Marshall & Snelgrove
(Debenhams Ltd.)
Vere Street and Oxford Street,
LONDON W.1



A NEW
pyjama
MODEL

★ ★ ★

with cape sleeve in crêpe-de-
chine. The jumper and wide
trousers have ecru coloured
lace for trimming. Made with
hip yoke and lace motifs on
pocket. Colours: Pink, pêche,
nil, blue and black.

39/9

WRITE FOR LINEN LIST SENT FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD
The Linen Hall, Regent Street
LONDON W.1.



Model 4302 A soft pull-on hat in finest fur-felt, available in all the latest colours. Price 21/- Obtainable from all Agents.



Is yours a problem figure? ...if so bring it to

MARIAN Jacks LTD CORSETIÈRE

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Please write to Dept. A1 for interesting booklets... THE CHOOSING OF A CORSET... PHYSICAL CULTURE WITH MARIAN JACKS' METHOD OF CORSETRY sent gratis with pleasure



'St. Aubyn' A delightful Cape-Coatee, copy of a Lelong model. Ingauged Crush-Velvet it is perfect for the many occasions when an evening coat is too bulky but when a little extra warmth is desirable. In Black, Ivory, Cherry and Mallard Blue.

5½ Gns.



'St. Cluise' As lovely as it is becoming is this Bridge Coat of soft Chiffon Velvet with bo-collar of beautiful two-toned 'tigered' Ostrich. Black with Black/White, Nigger with Nigger/Beige, Blue with Blue/White, Wine with Shell/Wine 5 Gns.

The Dinner Blouse

'Salandra' (on right) A charming novelty for informal dinner wear is the Velvet Blouse with loose capelet back. In Ivory or Parchment it is strikingly smart with a Black Silk Skirt or worn over a décolleté evening frock 59/6



The Little Wrap

Harrods new Collection of Coatees and Little Wraps is enchanting in its variety and originality—and offers many clever solutions to the Christmas Gift problem.

A large range from 21/9

Bridge Coats and Wraps, First Floor

Harrods Ltd

Harrods

London SW1

PETER ROBINSON

The Charm of Ermine Velvet



Catalogue of AUTUMN FASHIONS
sent on request.

677. A smart Evening Jacket
in this new fabric. In white
only. Lined throughout.

Sizes: S.W. 7½ gns.
and W. - - -

PETER ROBINSON, LTD.

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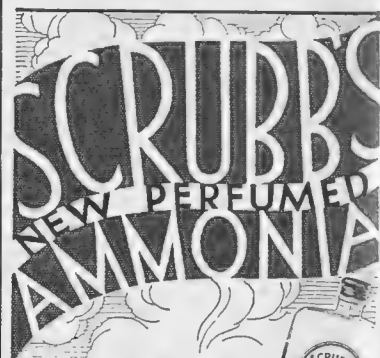
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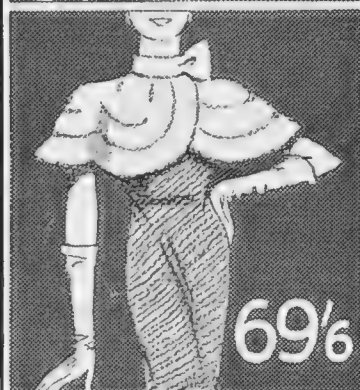


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(Left)
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which, caught back,
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roses to match.
White and Red;
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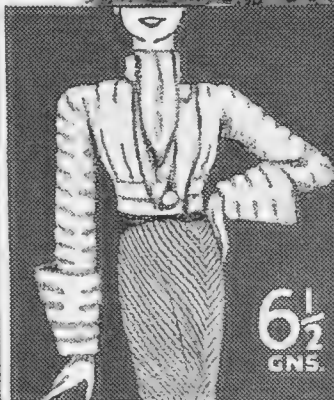
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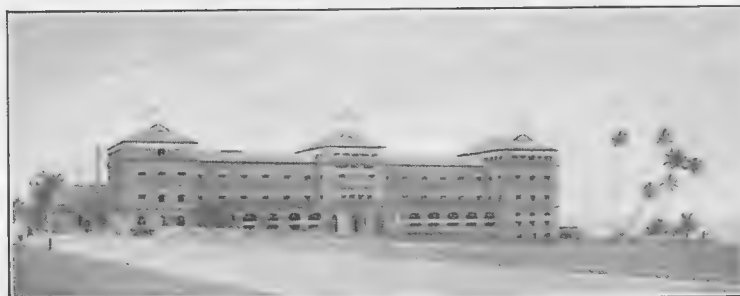
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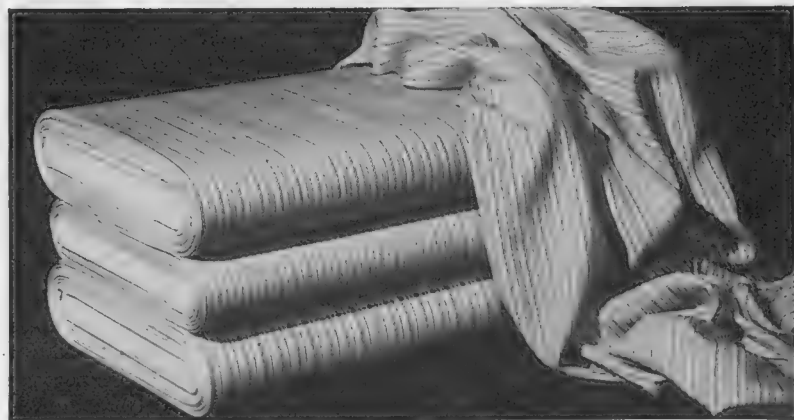
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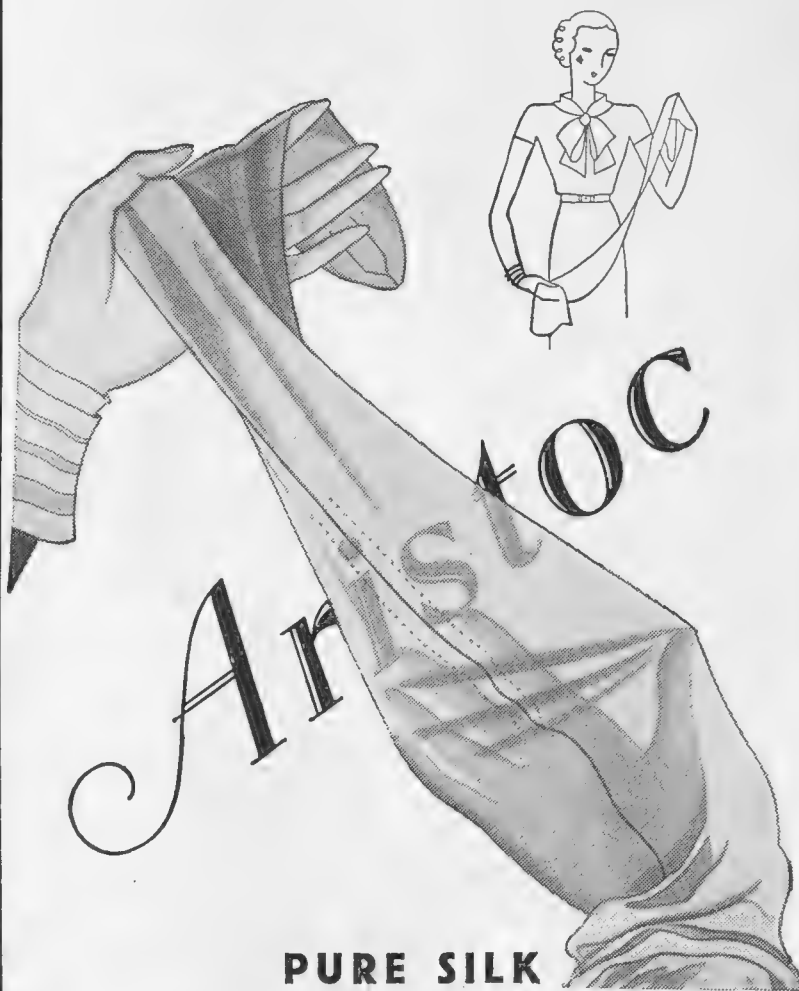
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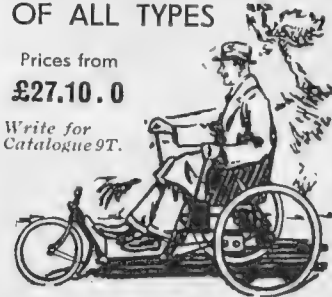
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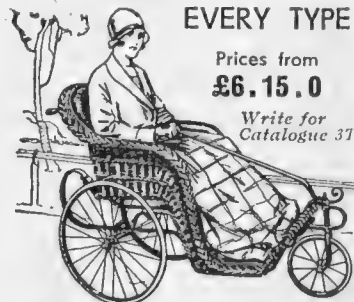
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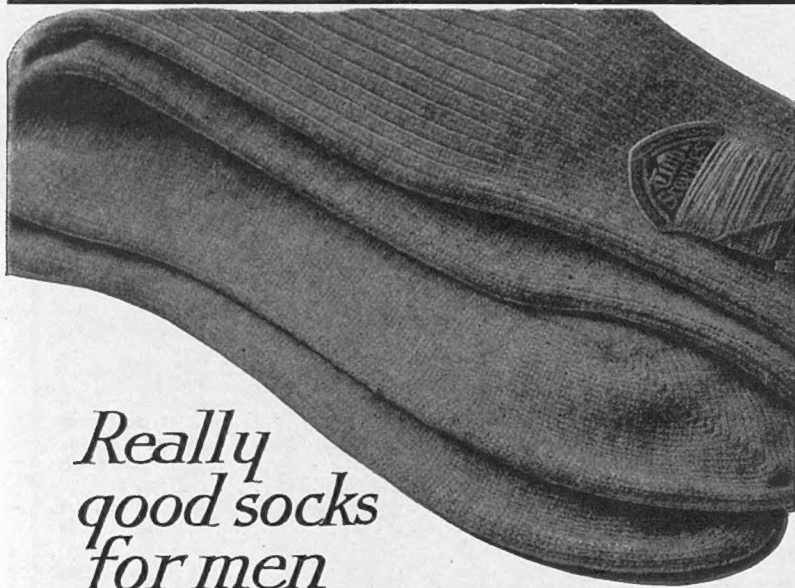
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With all our experience of sock making, we could not make you better, more serviceable woollen socks than the Two Steeples No. 83 quality. They are English made from St. Wolstan Wool, the best long-staple pure botany obtainable. They are knitted to each half-

inch from 8½ ins. to 12 ins., so that you get a perfect fit. The rich wool forms a pad which comforts the feet, and this strong yet soft wool gives exceptionally lengthy service. Try these socks, available in a wide range of handsome ingrain shades—a shade for every suit.

Two Steeples No.83 Socks

3/9 per pair.

Write for booklet of patterns of large range of St. Wolstan Wool Socks and Underwear. Dept. 15, Two Steeples Ltd., Wigston, Leicestershire.



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During November, Walpoles are holding their

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Graceful Afternoon Frock in Velvet, the new hip line gives a slimming effect. Small sizes. Colours: Sapphire, Bronze, Black.

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Attractive Ensemble in lace and Georgette; the sleeveless frock is cut on graceful lines, the coatee has the new cape sleeves.

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Tramore

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WALPOLES FASHIONS



By Appointment

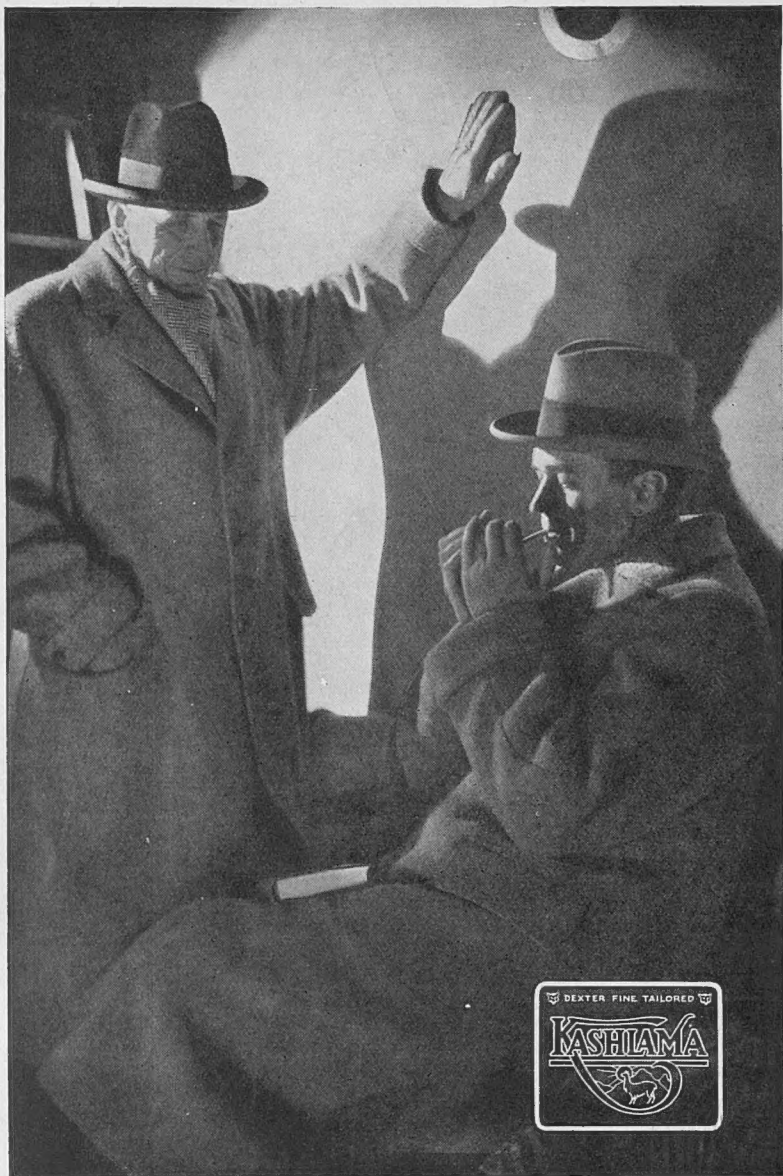
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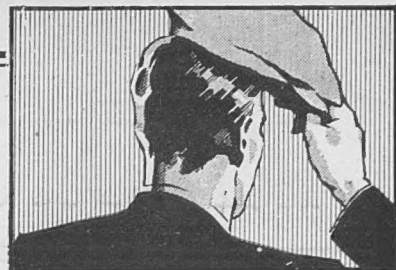
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WHEN your cap is raised—does your hair stay put? It should and it will if you use Anzora. A little in the morning keeps your hair neat, glossy, and in place all day long. Anzora is the original British hair fixative that ten million men prefer. It's sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere. See you get Anzora.

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ANZORA
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THE RADIO &



NEWS RECORDS

AMAZING MUSICIANSHIP OF BOY PRODIGY

Plays Elgar Concerto, conducted by the composer himself!

NEW B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MAKES ITS
DEBUT ON "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



Yehudi Menuhin
(Photo Alban, Paris)

Recently at the "His Master's Voice" great recording studios at St. John's Wood, there was witnessed a wonderful collaboration of youth and age. The occasion was the recording of the Elgar Violin Concerto, played by Yehudi Menuhin and conducted by the composer himself. This rendering is now released and undoubtedly offers yet another masterpiece for the collector of immortal music in recorded form.



Sir Edward Elgar

The issue of the first recordings of the new B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult, is an event of outstanding interest to all music lovers. Alike in the vivacious Eighth Symphony of Beethoven (one of the composer's own favourites) and in Chopin's famous "Funeral March" which has the added beauty of Elgar's orchestration, both included in this month's list of "His Master's Voice" records, this orchestra definitely confirms itself as amongst the finest of our times. The recording too, is fully worthy of them—displaying in point of fact, a beauty of tone and a realism, which will prove to be something entirely new in the experience of gramophone enthusiasts.



Adrian Boult
(Photo 'Sasha', London)

Symphony No. 8 in F Major, Op. 93 DB1764-6, 6/- each. Funeral March (Chopin, arr. Elgar) DB1722, 6/-. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult.

Concerto in B Minor, Op. 61. Yehudi Menuhin and the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Edward Elgar. DB1751-6, 6/- each. Album No. 164.

Famous Tenor delays homeward dash to U.S.A. to make this record

On his way back from Switzerland to the United States, Richard Crooks, the New York Metropolitan Opera Star, was prevailed upon by "His Master's Voice" to rearrange his time-table especially in order to make his first recording in England. Had he not been able to fit in this visit, music lovers in England would have been deprived of one of the finest renderings of two popular songs ever made. Even then, there was only time to make one master record instead of the usual three. There is no doubt that this number will prove as popular as his recording of "Song of Songs."

Gipsy Moon—Just to linger in your arms. Richard Crooks DA1283, 4/-

Eyes Front!

Here is another wonderful record taken at the 1932 Aldershot Tattoo. These two popular marches—"On the quarter deck" and Schubert's "Marche Militaire"—are played to perfection by the 1,000 massed bandsmen. They give us, indeed, some of the finest drum and fife playing ever recorded. Their vigorous tunes and swinging rhythm are so intensified by the colossal size of the bands that the listener sits enthralled throughout the whole record.

Marche Militaire (Schubert)—On the Quarter Deck. Massed Bands of the Aldershot Command. B4256, 2/6

The Gramophone Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

"Love is the sweetest thing"— When Ray Noble plays for you!

Whether it is a soothing, sweet melody, or a peppy quick-step, Ray Noble and his Boys know how to inject the most into it. Two of the latest hits—both his own compositions—will prove once again the New Mayfair's right to the title of one of Britain's finest dance bands:—*Love is the sweetest thing—I'll do my best to make you happy (Both from Film "Say it with music"). Ray Noble and His New Mayfair Orchestra B6245, 2/6*

Peter Dawson in the ranks again!

What a host of memories will be revived by Peter Dawson's singing of these two fine, spirited war-time numbers—"El Abanico" and "Sons of the Brave." These, and that most inspiring, stirring record "Le Rêve Passé," a Vision of Victory, Flanders, 1914-1918, coupled with "Old Comrades" and "Boys of the Old Brigade" will echo the mood of thousands at this season of the year. *El Abanico—Sons of the Brave. Peter Dawson and Male Voice Chorus B4267, 2/6*
Le Rêve Passé (A Vision of Victory) (Flanders 1914-18)—Old Comrades; Boys of the Old Brigade. Peter Dawson and Male Voice Chorus C2045, 4/-



Peter Dawson
(Photo, Foulsham & Banfield)

INCREASED VOGUE OF THE COMBINED INSTRUMENT ("2 in 1") — WIRELESS AND GRAMOPHONE

Gramophone prices never so low — "His Master's Voice" instruments now within reach of all

Every day more homes are being won over to the radio-gramophone. Many have wanted wireless, and yet been reluctant to do without the same quality of reproduction for records. In the radio-gramophone they have both, it is the best thing of all for modern records, because it gives electrical reproduction of electrical recording.

Never before has it been possible to get the best out of your records. With this instrument a choice is offered of the world's finest broadcast programmes or a concert of one's own choosing. All at a price very little higher than that of an ordinary wireless set. One switch controls long and medium wave wireless, and the gramophone too.



Ready to play, records or radio

"True to Life" Tonal Quality

One of the most deservedly popular radio-gramophones to-day—one which has, in fact, created a vogue of its own—is the "His Master's Voice" Transportable Radio-gram, priced at 25 guineas, or by Hire Purchase. It is a four-valve (including rectifier) wireless set, capable of giving a great variety of programmes, with a tonal quality absolutely 'true to life' on radio and records. To help in the attaining of such a high standard of performance, only the finest valves would do—hence the use of Marconi Valves.

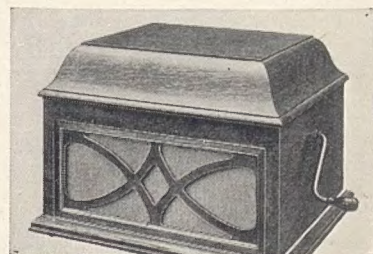
Christopher Stone says "The Gramophone can't be beat"

Amazing, that instruments which barely four years ago cost anything from £15 upwards can be purchased to-day for as low as £4. 17. 6. The standard of reproduction attained by "His Master's Voice" has been famous for a quarter-of-a-century. Yet the latest models, though so low in price, are an infinite advance on any previously produced by the Company. This means that any home can have one of the finest "His Master's Voice" gramophones to reproduce their own programmes.

That illustrated is the popular table grand, suitable for the small home. Previously £7. 10., it now costs only £4. 17. 6. in Oak, or five guineas in Mahogany. There are other models: a de luxe table grand, a bijou cabinet model, and a really impressive horizontal console—but



Christopher Stone
(Photo by Whitlock)



Reduced from £7. 10. 0. to £4. 17. 6.

Of course, any instrument, whether wireless set, radio-gramophone or ordinary gramophone, can be obtained from any "His Master's Voice" dealer on extended terms.

(Prices do not apply in Irish Free State)